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{ From Beginning
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NATURE AND LOVE.

SPRING.

THE tender spring comes tremblingly ;
 Quiv'ring, the blossoms softly break ;
 Each zephyr breathing gently by,
 New forms, new beauties seem to wake.
 So trembling wakes my love for thee,
 So fetters burst, springs fair and free.
 O first sweet love ! O maiden mine !
 O strange new love ! O birth divine !

SUMMER.

Full summer now — the genial hours
 Lend radiant noon to glowing night.
 Full summer — see the gleaming flowers
 Basking in fervid life and light.
 And love too has its perfect noon,
 Its summer sun, its summer moon ;
 In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
 My triumph lies — there love is seen.

AUTUMN.

Adown the fields the golden grain
 Hangs heavy on the burdened stems,
 Through shimmering leaves the fruits again
 Gleam ruddy ripe, rich autumn's gems.
 Hearts' harvest too I gather in,
 Love, sweet to cherish, sweet to win ;
 For future days o'erflowing store,
 Love, could I ever love thee more !

WINTER.

Where are the flowers ? where the leaves ?
 Where the sweet zephyrs' gentle breath ?
 Where mellowed fruits and golden sheaves ?
 Dead, dead ; all icy bound in death !
 Is love too dead ? Hence, needless pain !
 Love only sleeps to wake again.
 Love dead ? Ah no, not so with love !
 Love only dies to live above.

Tinsley's Magazine.

ENNIS GRAHAM.

THE EVERLASTING PITY.

As lies the blue behind the thunder-cloud,
 As lurk the snowdrops 'neath the drifted
 snow,
 As the bright buds till April calls aloud
 Hide deep within the black and leafless
 bough.
 So, despite care and sorrow, loss and fret,
 God's loving pity guards His children's
 fates ;
 Oh, in our darkness let us trust Him yet,
 Whose Comforter each patient soul awaits.
 Believe the rankling wound in love is sent,
 Believe the grief in chastening mercy
 comes,
 And so the bitter "why" to faith will melt,
 And sorrow smile among her darlings'
 tombs,

Watching the violets gem the grassy lane
 That late in desolate winter chill we trod,
 Let the sweet flowers preach to the lonely pain
 The everlasting pity of our God.

Tinsley's Magazine.

AUGUST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THERE is sultry gloom on the mountain's brow,
 And a sultry glow beneath ;
 Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
 Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
 Over the shadowless hill and lea,
 Over the barren heath.

There are clouds and darkness around God's
 ways,

And the noon of life grows hot ;
 And though His faithfulness standeth fast
 As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
 Over the glory, solemn and vast,
 Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
 From thy deep, deep sea of love ;
 Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy
 height,

Let the brow grow cool and the footstep light,
 As it comes with holy and soothing might,
 Like the wing of a snowy dove.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Sunday Magazine.

DYING SUMMER.

On tawny hills in faded splendour drest,
 Of rusty purple and of tarnished gold,
 Now like some Eastern monarch sad and old,
 The discrowned summer lieth down to rest !
 A mournful mist hangs o'er the mellow plain,
 O'er watery meads that slide down pine-clad
 heights,
 And wine-red woods where song no more
 delights ;
 But only wounded birds cry out in pain.
 A pallid glory lingers in the sky,
 Faint scents of wilding flowers float in the
 air,
 All nature's voices murmur in despair —
 "Was summer crowned so late — so soon to
 die ?"
 But with a royal smile, she whispers,
 "Cease,
 If life is joy and triumph, death is peace !"

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Sunday Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.
MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE SEGUR.*

It is painful, depressing, degrading to humanity, to believe that greatness is hopelessly incompatible with goodness; that the brightest of mankind must or may be the meanest; that conquerors are no better than robbers on a large scale; that the loftiest pinnacle of soaring ambition is unattainable by the aspirant who is weighted with honour, probity, and truth. When, therefore, these conclusions were forced upon us by the first four volumes of M. Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon,"† we gave expression to them with reluctance, and we gladly catch at the opportune occasion for modifying them presented by the "History and Memoirs" of Général Comte de Ségur, who, going over identically the same ground with peculiar facilities of observation, certainly places the personal qualities of his imperial master in a light which contrasts strongly and pleasingly with our preconceived impression of the intense, concentrated, all-pervading egotism of the character. According to this irreproachable and unimpeachable witness, it abounded in traits of amiability and sensibility: the iron despot could unbend like an ordinary mortal, was not inaccessible to remorse, could sympathize with the sufferings of his victims, and shed bitter tears over the ruin he had wrought. Partial as M. de Ségur undoubtedly is, we have the best possible evidence of his good faith in the indignant condemnation which he passes on acts of reckless violence or treachery, like the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the treatment of the pope, or the trap laid for the Spanish Bourbons. In fact, his moral sense, his sense of right and wrong, is as strong, as deep, as true, as M. Lanfrey's; and in the midst of the most enthusiastic devotion to the man of destiny, the self-made ruler and hero, he

never forgets that he is himself a noble and that *noblesse oblige*: that he is the descendant of a long line of chivalrous ancestors, distinguished by unswerving loyalty to the hereditary throne.

His apparent aberration from their principles is fully explained at starting. It was genuine patriotism, combined with military ardour, that first induced him to join the army as a volunteer; and he may be pardoned for not regarding the brilliant conqueror on the car of victory, the incarnation of French glory, as the upstart usurper of a crown. Divided in his own despite between opposite creeds, he clings instinctively to truth as his sole preservative against vacillation and inconsistency: he never plays the advocate, never tries to make the case better or worse, but sets down his genuine impressions for evil or for good; and these, it will be remembered, are most frequently the impressions of one who saw and heard what he sets down. The *quorum pars magna fui* is the keynote of the narrative. It is told of our great captain, the Iron Duke, that after putting some one right as to some incident at Waterloo, he naïvely added, "I was there!" M. de Ségur might have said the same in reference to most of the campaigns and battles he commemorates — Austerlitz, Wagram, Borodino, etc. etc. — "I was there." He was there, moreover, in immediate attendance on the principal performer in the grand drama or succession of grand dramas; and when not personally present, he heard the most remarkable scenes and occurrences talked over and discussed by his constant companions, the other members of the household and the staff, whilst the facts were freshly remembered, and there was no immediate motive for misstating or distorting them. He thus contrived to collect an immense amount of valuable information, enlivened by anecdotes; and the style of publication which he chose strikes us to be precisely that which was best adapted to his turn of mind and capacity, as well as best fitted to turn his stock of miscellaneous though rich materials to the best account.

One of his ancestors was the friend

* *Histoire et Mémoires*. Par le Général Cte de Ségur, Membre de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1873. Seven volumes, 8vo.

† The *Quarterly Review* for April, 1870. The fifth volume, recently published and bringing down the history to the end of 1811, is marked by the same tendency, indeed rather too much marked, as detracting from the appearance of impartiality.

and ambassador of Henry IV. Several were distinguished commanders. His grandfather was the Count de Ségur, afterwards marshal of France and minister of war, who, when his arm was broken at the battle of Lawfeld, refused to quit the field for fear of discouraging his men, entered the entrenchments at their head, and caused Louis XV. (as quoted by Voltaire) to exclaim that such men deserved to be invulnerable. His father was the well-known author of "*Mémoires ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes*," published in 1823, towards the beginning of which we read : —

Since chance has willed that I should be successively colonel, general, traveller, navigator, son of a minister, ambassador, courtier, prisoner, farmer, soldier, poet, dramatic author, journalist, publicist, historian, deputy, councillor of state, senator, academician, and peer of France, I must have seen men and things under almost all aspects; sometimes through the prism of happiness, sometimes through the crape of misfortune, and tardily by the light of the torch of a mild philosophy.

These "*Mémoires ou Souvenirs*" were left unfinished, and might naturally have suggested the work before us, by way of continuation, to the son, who also had seen enough of men and things under various aspects fully to qualify him for the task. But the constant movement of military life, with the absorbing interest of the political changes or catastrophes in which he was mixed up, prevented him from forming any literary project till after his compelled retirement at the second restoration in 1815. Then he began to look about for the means of employing his leisure hours and diverting his thoughts; and after two or three desultory attempts at detached scenes or passages, he resolved on writing the "History of Napoleon and the Grand Army during the year 1812." He set to work so eagerly that he was speedily brought to a standstill by exhaustion. "I well remember (he says) that, at the very commencement, forcing, wildly straining myself to compose without sufficient preparation or rest, I reduced myself to an utter incapacity for producing anything." This is a well-known and recognized phenome-

non amongst men of letters. We find Pope complaining that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination. But it naturally alarmed a novice : —

I was disconsolate, on the verge of despair at this impotence, when, fortunately, M. de Lacépède, then living in retirement in the neighbouring village, dropped in.

"What is the matter with you?" said this celebrated *savant*. On my explaining, he said, "Well, nothing more simple; it is a breakdown (*fourberie*). The mind may be overworked like the body, dependent as they are on one another, and this is what has happened to you." "And is it for you," I replied, "you, who sleep scarcely three hours, and work twenty-one out of the twenty-four; is it for you to impute this shameful sterility to eight or ten hours of work?"

M. de Lacépède, the well-known writer on natural history, explains to him that, as one man's meat may be another man's poison, so the amount of sleep which sufficed for one might be utterly insufficient for another, and that as for himself, he had suffered so little from his self-imposed *régime*, that at his advanced age he still composed without writing.

"Ah! probably verses?" "No, prose." "What!" I rejoined, jocularly; "your work, '*Sur l'Homme*,' for example?" "Precisely; and to prove it to you, I will, if you have time to listen to me, repeat the whole of my first volume! and not only the original copy, but all the alterations, all the corrections! I have at this moment all the erasures in my mind's eye; yet I have not yet written a word, and I have almost finished the second volume in the same manner." Whilst I remained struck dumb by astonishment, he added: "But do not, for all that, suppose that I work consecutively twenty-one hours a day; on the contrary, I take care not to continue more than two hours without interruption, without relieving my brain by some diversion — a few household arrangements, a few tunes on my piano, a few turns in my garden, suffice — after which, refreshed and well disposed, I resume my task."

I endeavoured to follow his advice, and benefited by it; I even sought distractions, some came in my despite.

He had made considerable progress when the idea struck him that, since the most curious and important part of his

work was to come from the interior of the imperial tent, he must secure the co-operation of the man who had been domesticated in it during the entire expedition, and who, besides the extraordinary opportunities he had enjoyed, was a statesman, and a man of letters renowned for his probity:—

Having resolved on this line, I repaired straight and without hesitation to M. le Cte. Daru. I arrived, enriched with a thousand pieces of information obtained from other ministers, great officers, marshals, and generals, aides-de-camp, the four private secretaries of Napoleon, his physicians, *maîtres d'hôtel*, and *valets de chambre*. This minister was my father's friend, his colleague in the Academy. I had already profited by their communications. His place in my book was consequently marked out beforehand; and as it was to be elevated by the aid I came to ask of him, I had good grounds for reckoning on his obliging concurrence. He thought the work deserved it. Thenceforth, as soon as a book was finished, I came to read it to him, to listen to his remarks, and then collect, in a conversation of several hours of earnest reasoning and discussion on the subject of the following book, all the information that his happy memory never failed to supply.

M. Daru lent himself complacently to the kind of co-operation that has been described during the entire composition of the work—begun in 1815, and completed in 1820; but never once, in the course of these innumerable consultations, extending over five years, did he utter an approving word, or give the faintest intimation of an opinion touching style or form; so that the author, with a conscience perfectly satisfied and at rest as to the facts and their appreciation, was left in the most embarrassing uncertainty as to the literary merit of his production. Whether from the distrust thus inspired, or from his being re-engaged in active military vocations, he had given up all notion of publishing and laid aside his manuscript as a legacy to posterity, when, much to his surprise (in 1823 or 1824), he learnt from his father that M. Daru had been speaking in the highest terms of the work, advised publication, and prophesied success.

At their next meeting, M. Daru, laying

aside reserve, asked him point-blank why he persevered in deriving no advantage from so sustained a labour. "But," I replied, "if the public should prove as reticent as you have been, what is the use of consulting it when its silence would annoy without convincing me? and I should not be satisfied with an incomplete success." "Well, in that case," he rejoined, "you would appeal to posterity." "Ah, yes," I exclaimed, "like hosts of others; but I am by no means disposed to swell the number." Very little additional pressure is required to impel an author in this state of mind to publication. At a subsequent interview, on M. Daru renewing his remonstrances, M. de Ségur said he would follow his advice on one condition. "Out with it, then." After a little hesitation, I resumed: "Well then, you alone are well acquainted with my book; answer me conscientiously. Are you sure that it would be sufficient to throw wide open to me the folding-doors of the Academy?" "I answer for it," he replied; "and so well, that I give you my vote beforehand." There was no resisting such an encouragement: the long-secluded manuscript was brought forth, and read over, chapter by chapter, to his father, whose deliberate judgment was in accordance with M. Daru's. But fastidious recasting and polishing, with occasional fits of hesitation, procrastinated what he still regarded as a leap in the dark till 1825; when the entire "copy" was confided to the celebrated printers, MM. Baudouin, who severely tried his patience by fresh delay.

The process of printing was long enough in all conscience. If, at the time, they had told me why, perhaps my apprehensions would have been allayed. I have learned since that the compositors paused to read the proofs amongst themselves. But I was kept in ignorance of this first success. When the day of publication arrived, I hurried in my perplexity to isolate myself at Saint-Gratien [his country-house]. But, at the end of forty-eight hours, the feverish agitation which came over me, augmented by solitude, led me to return furtively to Paris. There, without stirring out, I abided my fate, when M. Baudouin begged me to call on him. I went, more and more anxious. Jostled on my way by a double file

of porters loaded with huge piles of printed sheets, I somewhat impatiently entered the court. As soon as he saw me he ran up; and on his grasping and pressing both my hands, I exclaimed, "Good God, what do you want me for, and what has happened?" "Don't you see? Look; is it not a scene for the 'Arabian Nights'?" "What! those porters who ran against me?" "Well, it is you, it is your book that they are carrying thus! We are no longer equal to the demand! The first edition of three thousand copies is exhausted already; we must have a second of four thousand as soon as possible, and authority to strike off a third, a fourth, of the same number. It is a success unexampled since Chateaubriand."

This was literally true. Congratulations poured in on all sides: the grand object of his aspirations, the seat in the Academy, was as good as attained; and he had fairly established his title to a place on that table-land of fame where, according to D'Alembert, the celebrities, the choice spirits, of all times and climes are to assemble and shake hands. A duel with General Gourgaud, in which he wounded his adversary, and a pamphlet-war with Marshal Grouchy, in which he had the best of it, could hardly be called drawbacks: at all events, were far more than counterbalanced by the eager testimony borne to the fidelity of his narratives and description, as well as by the unequivocal signs of their popular effect and impressiveness.

As an ex-Imperialist he was not in high favour at the Tuileries, and Madame la Dauphine in particular was wont to look coldly on him. The first time he met her eye after the publication of his book, she showed signs of emotion, and seemed more than once on the point of addressing him. Struck by her altered manner, he requested an explanation of one of the persons of her suite. "What! do you not know? Can you be ignorant that, on reading your account of the unfortunate Prince of the Moskwa during the retreat, she repeatedly cried out, 'Heavens! why did we not know all this? What heroism! Why did not M. de Ségur publish his book sooner? It would have saved the life of Marshal Ney!'"

A still higher compliment was that paid by an eminent professor of history. In the course of a lecture at the Sorbonne, M. Saint-Marc Girardin drew a comparison between the work and the "History of Charles XII." by Voltaire; and to justify his preference of M. de Ségur, quoted his description of the Grand Army on the 6th November, when the Russian winter

broke upon them in all its horrors, heralded by a piercing wind and a heavy fall of snow. To save the reader the trouble of reference we quote a portion of it:

Les malheureux se traînent encore, en grelottant, jusqu'à ce que la neige, qui s'attache sous leurs pieds en forme de pierre, quelques débris, une branche ou le corps de l'un de leurs compagnons, les fasse trébucher et tomber. Là ils gémissent en vain: bientôt la neige les couvre; de légères éminences les font reconnaître. Voilà leur sépulture! La route est toute parsemée de ces ondulations, comme un champ funéraire; les plus intrépides ou les plus indifférents s'affectent: ils passent rapidement en détournant leurs regards. Mais devant eux, autour d'eux, tout est neige; leur vue se perd dans cette immense et triste uniformité; l'imagination s'étonne: c'est comme un grand linceul dont la nature enveloppe l'armée! Les seuls objets qui s'en détachent, ce sont de sombres sapins, des arbres de tombeaux, avec leur funèbre verdure, et la gigantesque immobilité de leurs noires tiges, et leur grande tristesse qui complète cet aspect désolé d'un deuil général, d'une nature sauvage, et d'une armée mourante au milieu d'une nature morte.*

This, his first work, occupies the fourth and fifth volumes of his completed "*Histoire et Mémoires*" and harmonizes admirably with the rest, which is composed on the same plan and blends personal reminiscences with the imperial annals in nearly the same manner. "The History of Napoleon and the Grand Army," he remarks, on resuming his pen, "is before the world. It is also my own history. Many a time have I figured upon the stage, but invariably without naming myself. I was then more of a witness than an actor, having hardly quitted the emperor, except for short distances, to carry and see to the execution of his orders. I suffered less than others, notwithstanding my wounds, because, attached to Napoleon, we were almost always under shelter and sufficiently fed." On most other occasions he names himself without reserve, and the part assigned to him is not unfrequently reversed. He is conspicuous in action where the fight is hottest; he leads more than one charge as desperate as that of Balaclava or a forlorn hope; he receives wounds which make the army surgeons shudder; and has so many hairbreadth escapes, that we wonder by what miraculous intervention he lived to tell of them. The civil or non-military part of his life is also so

eventful and sensational, that although we shall keep as much as possible to the passages in which it blends with history, we must bestow a passing attention on those in which he tells us how his character was developed, and how he came to run counter to the hereditary principles of his race.

His education was private and domestic. It was the best that, after his ninth year, his father and mother could give him in the midst of revolutionary dangers and disturbances. On the 21st January, 1793 (the day of the execution of Louis XVI.), they fled to a country-house at Châtenay, near Sceaux, three leagues from Paris.

It was said that Voltaire had been brought up in it. I remember that the Abbé Raynal came to see my father there. The theories of this historian had just been reduced to practice; he seemed disgusted with them. I heard him reproach himself with the exaggeration of his philosophical writings. He repented his share of the flames in this horrible conflagration, and his having placed torches instead of lustres in brutal hands which used them to consume and destroy all.

He goes on to say that the Reign of Terror was just beginning; the family were poor and proscribed; masters and preceptors all abandoned them, and the father was the sole instructor.

This was too much for me; the disproportion between tutor and pupil was too great. In this early age, the age of sensations, and in the middle of the tragic scenes surrounding me, feeble and sickly, my heart was too soon and singularly developed, but alone, but at the expense of all the rest, and especially of my mind, which remained in its first infancy. I grew neither in body nor intelligence.

This lasted three years; and he was in his fifteenth year, when he took up a book of light literature which he had frequently glanced over and thrown by, and from the first words he felt as if a thick internal veil had been torn aside, and as if a new world of ideas, luminous and dazzling, had been opened to him. The readers of John Stuart Mill's "Autobiography" will remember that the dark mental cloud which hung upon him was similarly dissipated by his coming accidentally on a passage in the memoirs of Marmontel. The day after the intellectual glow came upon young De Ségur he was seized with a literary fit, during which he composed comedies. Then, after a serious semi-religious turn, a melancholy meditative mood came over him,

when, convinced of the vanity and nothingness of all things including human life, he alternately contemplates suicide *à la Werther* or the isolation and solitary musings of a hermit. The spell is fortunately broken by a call to Paris.

The view of the world sufficed to originate a fresh transformation, so accidental and contrary to nature was the tendency in which I was well nigh lost; self-love and very soon other kinds of love completed the work.

Society was beginning to revive under the Directory, and he was immediately introduced to the best of it by his uncle the Vicomte de Ségur. Dazzled by its novelty and fascinated by its charm, his sole ambition is to shine in it, to sustain the renown of his family for wit, courage, and gallantry. The method he pursued was precisely that of the hero in "*Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*;" he fought duels, he compromised female reputations, he wrote love verses. He was indifferent to the political position, ever verging on a crisis; and if he deigned to think of the glories accruing to the French arms, it was to sneer at them, and speak of the young commander in the full career of victory as "Mon-sieur" Bonaparte, after the fashion of his clique. Yet this dissipation and frivolity were but another crust or layer which covered and concealed his genuine qualities of head and heart; when these were fairly reached and roused, there was an end of vacillation, folly, weakness, and uncertainty. His real instincts were military; his true vocation was for arms; although here, again, the impulse was accidental; but once given, it determined the whole colour of his life.

Time pressed, and the humiliation of remaining a burthen on my family. Already I was mournfully making up my mind to become a middling clerk, when a last journey took me to Paris. On that day, after passing the barrier, a singular emotion, which I remarked in the attitude and on the countenance of all, inspired me with a vague hope. Revolutions succeeded each other rapidly. I foresaw one. I could not lose by change. Disenchanted of my dreams, and restored to the real world by misery, I felt interested in public matters for the first time. I was utterly ignorant of what was about to happen. I dared not ask, but a powerful instinct guided me; it led me straight towards him whose destiny was speedily to involve my own.

It was at the very hour when, in the Tuilleries, Napoleon, summoned by the Council of Ancients, began the revolution of 18 Brumaire, and was haranguing the garrison, to be

sure of it against the Directory and the other council. I was stopped by the garden railing. I pressed my face against it: I gazed eagerly on this memorable scene. Then I ran round the enclosure and tried all the entrances. At last, on reaching the gate of the Pont Tournant, I saw it open. A regiment of dragoons, the 9th, came out; they were on their march towards Saint Cloud, fully equipped, sword in hand, and in that state of warlike excitement, with the proud and determined air of soldiers, when they go to encounter an enemy, determined to conquer or to die. At this martial aspect the warrior blood I had received from my fathers boiled in my veins. My vocation was decided; I was a soldier from this hour. I dreamt of nothing but battles, and held every other career in contempt.

Up to this time he had been in the habit of regarding the revolutionary army with hatred and distrust. How were these feelings to be reconciled with his new-born enthusiasm for arms? his love of glory with his antipathy to the only flag under which it could be won? What would be said when he, the champion of the white flag, was first seen in uniform under the tricolour? It was something that Bonaparte was more of a reactionary than a revolutionist; that he was the restorer of order, the declared foe of proscription, and in the very act of holding out the right hand of fellowship to the Royalists, and calling on all true Frenchmen to co-operate in defence of their common country. One of the first consul's projects was the levying of a volunteer regiment, to be exclusively composed of young men, armed, equipped and mounted at their own expense. The organization was intrusted to General Dumas, an ex-Royalist and acquaintance of M. de Ségur, who had the good fortune, as it turned out, to be the first recruit upon the list. One motive that actuated him, besides military enthusiasm, was the hope of advancing the cause he was apparently deserting.

My imagination, fruitful in expedients, conceived that of engrafting my royalism on this army, all made up of Republicans. I was bold enough to suppose that I should induce a considerable number of my friends to follow my example; that this counter-revolutionary seed would take root; and as hitherto revolution had followed revolution, judging the future from the past, there might come one by which our party might benefit. This idea, absurd as it was, had a commencement of execution; this is why I speak of it, for I soon gained many proselytes.

But he is here anticipating; and we are induced to follow him closely, if not

quite step by step, in this part of his career, because he was then a type of the period, the representative of a class, and strikingly illustrates the manner in which the consulate and empire were consolidated, and the old order of things gradually brought into some sort of harmony with the new. His father, whom we suspect to have been somewhat of a time-server, approved the step; but before quitting Paris he had to run the gauntlet of the aristocratic faubourg, who overwhelmed him with sneers and sarcasms, against which he rebelled and bore up with a spirit of defiance that failed him altogether in the parting interview with his grandfather. The old marshal received him much as an old Roman would have received a son who had broken the military oath or returned without his shield — *parma non bene relicta*.

I arrived early, and approached his bed in the most submissive attitude. "You have proved wanting," he sternly began, "to all the traditions of your ancestors. But it is done; think well of it; you are voluntarily enrolled in the Republican army. Serve in it frankly and loyal, for your course is taken, and it is no longer the time to turn back from it." Then seeing me bathed in tears, he melted, and with his only remaining hand taught mine, he drew me towards him; then giving me twenty louis — it was almost all he possessed — he added: "Come, there is something to help you in completing your equipment; go, and at least sustain with bravery and fidelity, under the flag you have thought fit to select, the name you bear and the honour of your family." Fifty years have passed, and I never think of this noble and painful counsel, of this manly and touching benediction, without being moved to the bottom of my heart.

He was really fulfilling an important mission; and he does himself less than justice when he says that the opportune junction of parties would have taken place without him, although it was he who began it. The importance of the service rendered was seen and duly appreciated by Napoleon, who, at the end of a few months, appointed him to a sub-lieutenancy in the corps.

These memoirs were composed piecemeal, and the detached portions have been somewhat hastily and carelessly thrown together. The transitions are abrupt, and the general history is intersected with the personal adventures in a way that renders it no easy matter to extract a consecutive and consistent narrative. Thus, after passing over the summary of the early life of Napoleon, filling more than half a volume, we find,

to our surprise, that an interval of two years occurs between M. de Ségur's first commission and his complete adhesion to the first consul, during which he was more than once on the point of siding with the rivals of his chief. His first campaign was in the Grisons, under Macdonald; and his first great battle Hohenlinden, under Moreau. On the eve of Hohenlinden, he was engaged in an affair which throws light on the discipline and the relations between officers and subordinates in an army thus exceptionally composed. His colonel was M. de Labarbée, a man about fifty, renowned for his ready wit, his martial bearing, his herculean strength, his extraordinary skill in all athletic exercises, and his reckless, always happy, temerity. It was recorded of him, that one day, confronted by the Austrian cavalry, he ordered his men to keep still, dashed sabre in hand at the opposing line, traversed it, wheeled round, cut his way back; and covered with blood, calmly resumed his place at the head of his regiment.

He was once quartered in a garrison town, where the officers of a crack regiment had practically monopolized a *café*, by insisting that any officer of another regiment who made use of it should be deemed their guest and regaled at their cost. Enraged at this pretension, M. de Labarbée, when his money was refused, first broke everything within his reach, then calling for a bucket of lemonade, gave it to his horse, saying, that as "it was Messieurs the officers who paid, there was no need for sparing anything." This left him with some half-dozen duels upon hand, each of which terminated in his favour. A quarrel with such a man was anything but agreeable, yet one was forced upon M. de Ségur in a way which left him (he thought) no alternative. The evening before the battle, the colonel, who had dined, was on his way to the bivouac of his regiment, when he rode against the lieutenant, coolly pushed him aside with a thrust of his boot, and went on without apologizing or taking the slightest notice of him.

Struck dumb and motionless for a moment by so unexpected a blow, my imagination was inflamed. I passed the whole night, one while in transports of rage, and one while, not knowing what to do, in tears. Finally, at break of day, seeing my colonel walking by himself in the plain, I ran to him and tendered my resignation, giving him to understand that, immediately afterwards, having be-

come again his equal, I should use my right to demand satisfaction for the insult he had offered me. M. de Labarbée either had no recollection of the incident, or had not recognized me when he pushed me from his path. All surprise at first, he measured me from head to foot with a glance of disdain so expressive, so full of the exclamation of the Cid: "*Mais l'attaquer à moi, qui l'a rendu si vain?*" that, in truth, Daguerre, interpreting this look with his new method, might, I believe, have traced this verse, word for word, on my slender person. At the same time the colonel simply replied that in the presence of the enemy I could not resign my position without the loss of honour. I replied that I deemed myself already dishonoured by his violence; and that after having disposed of what was most urgent, I could always re-engage as a private under another chief.

He was too much a man of head and heart to abuse his position. He did not prolong the scene, but calling several officers together, nobly explained the wrong of which he had inadvertently been guilty; and taking them publicly to witness his avowal, he accompanied this generous and complete reparation with the most honourable words.

The rest of the day was devoted to the battle. As for us, some manœuvring and skirmishing, followed by bivouacs on the ice, such was our small share in so grand a victory; after which, having to go to receive the orders of Moreau and breakfast with him at Nymphenbourg, I returned by long stages, alone, without money, but provided with everything by the country, to rejoin General Macdonald in Valteline.

Whilst quartered in Trent, he pursued his military studies with an ardour which contrasted strongly with the idleness and love of pleasure of the other young officers, and led to his being intrusted with the correspondence and general orders of Macdonald. With the aid of these materials, he subsequently composed an account of the campaign in the Grisons, little guessing (he adds) that it would see the light at Paris, and would help to get him appointed to the home staff, and especially to that of Bonaparte, to whom at that time he neither expected nor desired to be attached. But his rank and birth had more to do with his advancement than his military ardour or his acquirements. Early in 1801 Macdonald was sent on a special mission to Denmark. "The first consul, who neglected no detail, recalling the brilliant renown my father had left of the court of the great Catherine, ordered that I should be diplomatically attached to this mission on June 1st. I received my nomination, and soon afterwards I started with Macdonald as *attaché* and *aide-de-*

camp." He passed six months at Copenhagen, and made excellent use of his time, as was his wont, "interviewing" all the personages of note to whom his position gave him access, and taking notes of what he saw and heard. He had there the good fortune to attract the notice of Duroc (who was passing through on a special mission to Petersburg) by his ready answers to questions relating to the Danish army and fleet. But the favourable impression thus made and conveyed to Napoleon threatened to counteract instead of forwarding his views.

At the first consular *levée* he attended on his return, Macdonald presented him as *aspirant* (diplomatic cadet) instead of aide-de-camp, and Bonaparte remarked, "Yes, I know he has excellent dispositions." Regardless of etiquette, he exclaimed, "Citizen consul, if I have dispositions, it is not for diplomacy, it is for the military calling."

This boldness surprised and displeased him: absorbed for the moment in peace and negotiations, it ran counter to his views for me; with a severe look and a rude sharp voice he replied, suddenly turning his back on me, "Well, then, you shall wait till war."

As they left the Tuileries, Macdonald ironically congratulated him on the success of his *début* and the rapid promotion it foretold. He retorted that it was all owing to Macdonald, who had presented him against his earnest entreaties as an *aspirant*; but that it mattered little, since he should continue attached to the general; when he learnt for the first time that the rules of the service only allowed Macdonald three aides-de-camp, and that he was the fourth. He was kept in a most embarrassing state of uncertainty until the 24th of May, 1802, when he received a note from Duroc, saying that the first consul wished to see him, and requiring him to be at Malmaison at noon, when he would be introduced by the aide-de-camp on duty, Duroc being otherwise engaged. He obeyed in a state of feeling in which fear predominated over hope, when, to his surprise and joy, he was received with a winning smile, and told in a caressing tone by the first consul that, "satisfied with the reports he had received of me, he intrusted me with a mission to the king of Spain; that I should have to deliver ostensibly a letter to the king, and another to the Prince of Peace secretly, and without the knowledge of General St. Cyr, our ambassador, these two persons not being on good terms;

that Citizen Talleyrand would give me such further instructions as might be required." The precise object of this mission does not appear, but he succeeded in keeping St. Cyr in ignorance of it; and soon after his return Napoleon publicly expressed his approbation in these words, "You have ably and rapidly fulfilled your mission; rest yourself, and be at ease: I will make you make the tour of Europe."

Three months after his return from Spain, October 27, 1802, he is summoned to St. Cloud, and this time introduced by Duroc. A presentiment of what was about to happen had come over him on first receiving the summons, and from a mixture of royalism and republicanism he had thoughts of declining the anticipated honour; but all hesitation and reluctance were instantaneously dispelled when the great man, surrounded by a brilliant suite, addressed him thus:—"Citizen Ségur, I have placed you on my personal staff: your duty will be to command my body-guard: you see the confidence I place in you; you will justify it; your merit and your talents promise a rapid advance." He left the consular presence more than half intoxicated by this stroke of fortune, and henceforth his feeling towards Bonaparte and the new order of things is one of unmixed enthusiasm. He even goes the length of giving the preference to the society of Paris during the Peace of Amiens over that of the ancient *régime*, and little less *couleur de rose* are the pictures of the consular interior which he drew from the life and upon the spot. It is new to find Bonaparte the charm of the domestic circle, not merely by amenity and affability but by putting forth his powers as a talker and *raconteur*:

How often during these late evenings did the youngest women forget the hour, believing they saw what he related, and, as it were, chained to these admirable recitals, coloured and animated by an inexhaustible vein of ingenious analogies, of new, bold, the least expected, and the most piquant images. One evening amongst others at St. Cloud, when he was describing the desert, Egypt, and the defeat of the Mamelukes, seeing me hanging on his words, he stopped, and taking from the card-table he had just quitted a silver coin or medal representing the Battle of the Pyramids, he said: "You were not there, young man?" "Alas, no." "Well, then, take this and keep it as a souvenir." Such was his habitual amenity; and I well remember that when our bursts of laughter in his saloon, growing too loud, disturbed him at his work in the adjoining cabinet, he half-opened the

door, and good-humouredly complaining of these interruptions, merely recommended us to moderate our explosions of mirth.

Private theatricals were amongst their amusements; and Bonaparte was often present at the rehearsals, which were under the direction of the celebrated actors, Michaud, Molé, and Fleury.

These were followed by concerts, and often by little balls, without crowd, without confusion, composed of three or four *contre-danses* at a time. He joined in them gaily in the midst of us, calling for the tunes, already grown old, which recalled his youth. Thus ended towards midnight these charming *soirées*. Hence arose those absurd reports of dancing or post-lessons which the first consul was reported to have taken from sundry actors.

This manner of life was cut short by the preparations for war; most of the members of the suite, he states, being simultaneously dispersed on different missions, and transformed from men of pleasure into men of action. His mission was to examine and report upon the state of the fortresses and fortifications on the coasts of the Channel and on the Rhine.

After Strasbourg, my mission finished at Neubrisach, whence I returned to Saint-Cloud. I found the first consul breakfasting alone in the cabinet looking on the garden of the orangery, from which on the 18th Brumaire he had expelled the representatives of the people. He wore the uniform of the grenadiers of his guard. I never had so favourable a reception. After a hundred questions, in listening to my answers, having spilt his coffee over the white facing of his coat, he cried out that he had completely spoilt his fine uniform.* Then he asked me if I had breakfasted; and I verily believe that, satisfied with my reports and my replies, he was on the point of ordering me a cup of the coffee which he took but twice a day, and never more, let people say what they will.

It has often been made a question whether Napoleon really meditated an invasion of England. The more recent and better-informed historians have arrived at a confident conclusion that he did; and this is confirmed by M. de Ségur, who contends that success was infallible if the ill-fated Villeneuve had appeared at the appointed time in the Channel:—

But he was possessed by the spectre of Nel-

son. His fear dared to disobey. After a hesitation of four days on an open sea, this fear—not of the soldier, for Villeneuve was personally brave, but of the general who is overcome by his responsibility—took counsel only of a feeble breeze which unhappily blew that day from the north-west. If it had blown from the south, I have been assured by another witness (Reille, afterwards marshal), Villeneuve would perhaps have sailed with it, and would not have been found wanting to the expectations of the emperor, of our army, and to the fortunes of the empire.

In this fatal irresolution of Villeneuve, this feeble incident, a puff of wind finally decided all. See, then, on what hung the fate of the world! on a puff of wind! not even on a storm! It pleased destiny to overthrow by this puff the entire work of Napoleon, and the greatest hope ever entertained. So light in the scales of fortune are the greatest men, their grandest conceptions, and the most powerful empires.

The absurdity of forming plans of naval co-operation on the most comprehensive scale, without allowing for wind or tide, never once occurred to the emperor or his military staff. He not only expected fleets and armaments, coming from opposite points of the compass, to rendezvous at a given time and place, like concentrating troops; but it was of the very essence of his plan that two thousand vessels, including transports and flat-bottomed boats, distributed along more than two hundred miles of coast, should arrive simultaneously on that part of the English coast which was deemed most favourable for the disembarkation. Well may M. Lanfrey exclaim that, "calmly analyzed and considered in detail, it was the wildest venture that ever tempted the imagination of a gamester."

The news of Villeneuve's detention at Ferrol reached the emperor at 4 A.M. on the 13th of August, 1805:

Daru was summoned: he enters, and gazes with wonder at his chief, whose air, he told me, was wild (*farouche*); his hat forced down upon his eyes, his look black as thunder. Coming close to Daru, he apostrophizes him: "Do you know where this j . . . f . . . de Villeneuve is? He is at Ferrol. Can you conceive? at Ferrol! Ah, you do not understand! he has been beaten! he is gone to hide himself in Ferrol. It is all over; he will be blocked up there. What a marine! What an admiral! What a useless sacrifice!"

With increasing agitation, during nearly an hour he paced up and down the room, venting his first anger in a torrent of oaths, reproaches, and painful words. Then stopping suddenly and pointing to a desk loaded with papers, he

* A point in common between Bonaparte and Pepys is worth noting: "This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlet cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish; but it troubled me."—*Pepys' Diary*.

said to Daru, "Seat yourself there; write." And immediately, without transition, without apparent meditation, and with his sharp, short, and imperious accent, he dictates, without hesitating, the plan of the campaign from Ulm to Vienna. The army of the coasts, on a line of more than two hundred leagues, was to face about at the first signal, break up, and march on the Danube in several columns. . . . The fields of battle, the victories, even the very days on which we were to enter Munich and Vienna, all was announced, was written down as it happened; and *that* two months beforehand, at this very hour of the 13th August, and at these quarters-general on the coast.

Napoleon was a consummate actor, with a dash of the charlatan. We strongly suspect that he had given up the project of invasion some time before, and was merely using it as a blind to organize an army for a sudden and crushing blow in another and unsuspected quarter. "The sacrifice was made, his resolution taken! Immediately all the Grand Army, ranged along the coast facing England, wheeled about, broke into a hundred columns, and hurried towards the Rhine." Before hurrying after them, we must revert to M. de Ségur's account of the impression produced upon himself and others by the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, which is one of the most valuable of his reminiscences.

On the night of the execution he was on duty at the Tuileries; and the next morning, at nine, he went to make his report to the grand marshal, Duroc, when he encountered Hulin, the president of the military commission which sentenced the duke, in the waiting-room:

I found Hulin very red, very excited, walking up and down in the greatest agitation. This colonel of the guards was very tall and strongly built. The adjutant-major went up to him, and I heard Hulin exclaim repeatedly, "He has done well! better kill the devil than let the devil kill you." I foresaw a catastrophe.

I was ignorant of the arrival of the prince at Vincennes. I could not yet believe that they were talking about him. However, in my anxiety, approaching Hulin, I hazarded these words: "People say the Duc d'Enghien has been arrested!" "Yes, and dead too!" was his brusque reply. Duroc coming in then, we surrounded him. When my report was made, to a short and almost mute interrogation, D'Hautencourt (the adjutant-major of *gendarmérie* charged with the execution) replied: "He was shot in the ditch at three this morning." Then producing from his

pocket a packet about three inches square, squeezed and stained as if carried for some time, the adjutant-major added: "The moment before his death he drew this paper from his breast, begging me to have it delivered to the princess.* It contains the hair of . . ." These last words were spoken with an affectation of indifference which chilled me with horror from head to foot. I felt growing pale; it seemed as if the earth was slipping from under me. My service was over, I withdrew on the instant in a state of inexpressible distress . . .

On reaching my father's, I hardly knew how, I dropped on a chair at the foot of his bed, saying: "The Duc d'Enghien has been shot this night. We are carried back to the horrors of '93. The hand which drew us from them thrusts us back. How henceforth can we continue his associates?" My father, prostrated, remained dumb; he could not believe me. I repeated to him what I have written down, and he, revolted by it, could think of no sufficient motive for such vindictiveness. His first belief, like mine, was that, after this first step in blood, no genius would be sufficiently master of itself to stop in so fatal a course, and that we must, in short, think seriously of separation.

Such, he states, was the unanimous feeling of his friends, and it would seem that they were at no pains to conceal what they felt. When, on the Sunday following, they met at the Tuileries, Caulaincourt looked aged by ten years; "his paleness, when I pressed his hand, redoubled, but his attitude remained of marble." When Bonaparte crossed the circle to enter the chapel, no change of countenance could be detected; and although M. de Ségur watched him narrowly during the service, expecting some symptom of remorse before God and, haply, the disembodied spirit of his victim, he betrayed none; "his face retained its imperturbable calmness, and struck the observer as that of a severe impassive judge." It was as such that he assumed to have acted; and even those of his followers who remained unconvinced of either the justice or expediency of the act, ended by agreeing to regard it as an insulated and exceptional one, out of keeping with his character, and of a kind which he lay under no temptation to repeat:—

As to a future of blood, why suppose it. Fear alone could drag the first consul into it; and we know that, after the explosion of the infernal and Royalist machine of 3 Nivose,

* The Princess de Rohan, to whom the Duc d'Enghien was tenderly attached. The words are "*cheveux du*" . . . i.e., of a man, but it seems improbable that he should have carried about a lock of his own hair.

on one of his counsellors asking him, "Are you not afraid, citizen consul?" he replied, "Ah! if I was afraid, it would be a sad misfortune for France."

It would be no easy matter to account on this theory for the numerous executions of political offenders, many for pretended conspiracies, or for the violent and secret deaths of Wright and Pichegru in their cells. M. de Ségur states, as a matter of which no reasonable doubt could be entertained, that all or most of the assassination plots directed against the first consul were set on foot or encouraged by Pitt!

The confidence with which Napoleon planned the campaign on the Rhine and Danube was speedily justified:—

That very day (September 26th, the day of his arrival on the field of action) on the reports of Murat, he judged his anticipations realized, Mack misled by his first manœuvre, and success indubitable. Here is the proof. I had just received orders to precede him first at Ettlingen, then at Ludwigsbourg, when on my taking leave of the empress, she said, "Go; my prayers go with you, and be as happy as the army and France." Then, on seeing my astonishment at so positive an assertion, she added: "Never doubt it; the emperor has just announced to me that the enemy's army will infallibly be made prisoners within eight days." This was the 1st of October: the 8th, in point of fact, Mack was completely turned; and some days later it fell to me to arrange at Ulm that capitulation which the empress had announced.

This was not an exact fulfilment of the prophecy, which had well-nigh been falsified altogether by somewhat more than the average allowance of mistakes and accidents. On the 6th of October the emperor was at Donauwerth, hastening the repairs of a bridge over the Danube:—

The rain which continued through this month and rendered the first part of this campaign so harassing, had just begun. Wrapped in our cloaks, we stood around Napoleon, Mortier, Duroc, Caulaincourt, Dapp, and I, receiving and executing his orders. He multiplied them. One while he despatched me to hasten the advance of Soult, and then again to press that of Vandamme. As to himself, I always found him before this burnt bridge of Donauwerth. In his haste to see it re-established on the two banks, he ordered me to cross the river. It was a first trial, and of the most startling kind. There was simply a long, narrow, and badly-fastened plank thrown from one pile to another. However, under the eye of Bonaparte I started with so prompt an impulse that, notwithstanding the mobility of the

plank which slipped from under my feet and the cloak which embarrassed my movements, and the storm, I reached the middle of the second arch without wavering. But there the oscillations of the thin and quivering prop made me pause and totter. I lost my balance; I saw below the half-burnt joists, thrown into the river above, dashing against the foundations with a violence which threatened to drown and crush me between them. Unable either to advance or recede, hanging and already bent over this abyss, I felt lost, when a cry of Napoleon: "*Ah, mon Dieu, il va se tuer!*" sustained me. This cry coming from his heart reanimated mine; I made one effort more, and recovering myself, I reached the right bank.

Instead of using this bridge, which he had been so impatient to restore, the emperor ordered Ney to force a passage at Elchingen at a large and unnecessary cost of life. On arriving at this bridge in person he found it encumbered with the dying and the dead.

He made his way with difficulty along this narrow passage covered with blood and shattered remains, when, seeing our wounded interrupt their moans to salute him with their usual acclamation, he stopped. Amongst them was an artilleryman whose thigh was shattered. The emperor leant over him, and unfastening his star, put it into the man's hand: "Take this; you have earned it, as well as the Hôtel of the Invalides; and take heart, you will yet live and be happy!" "No, no," replied the brave fellow; "I have lost too much blood! But it is all one (*c'est égal*). *Vive l'empereur!*"

On the other side of the bridge a veteran grenadier of the army of Egypt was lying on his back, with his face exposed to the rain, which fell in torrents. In his prolonged excitement he was still crying out "*En avant!*" to his comrades. The emperor recognized him in passing; and taking off his own cloak, threw it over him, saying: "Try to bring it back to me, and in exchange I will give you the decoration and the pension you well deserve."

Finding everything to his mind on the left bank, the emperor recrossed the river to see that his orders were promptly executed on the right, and chose for his post of observation a rising ground so near the enemy, that the staff were obliged to act as skirmishers, and employ their pistols to keep off the Austrian dragoons.

He was not satisfied till a few minutes before dark, when he returned to pass the night at Ober-Falheim, at a curate's, where Thiard made his bed, and one of his aides-de-camp an

omelette; but where, all having been pillaged, all was wanting, dry clothes and the rest, even to his Chambertin, of which (he gaily remarked) he had never been deprived before, even in the middle of the sands of Egypt.*

After dictating his orders at 3 A.M. (his usual hour) on the following morning, he was again seized with a fit of impatience, and about 11 passed the outposts of Ney (who commanded the vanguard), followed only by twenty-five chasseurs of the guard and some of the staff. Coming under fire, and seeing a body of hulans in front, he turned to Ségur and said: "Take my chasseurs, advance, and bring me some prisoners." The hulans stood firm; the chasseurs, badly led by their lieutenant, instead of charging, halted, and were within an ace of suffering Ségur to be taken prisoner along with a brigadier who alone followed him and had received a lance-wound by his side:—

Turning back, angry enough, it may be believed, I apostrophized the chasseurs, their officer particularly, and dispersed them as skirmishers. Thus commenced the battle of Ulm. It was by the emperor, and by his personal escort, that it was engaged.

Without waiting to see the result of this incipient movement, the emperor sought a short interval of repose and shelter from the weather in a farmhouse at Haslach, where M. de Ségur found him slumbering in a chair on one side of a stove, whilst a young drummer, also slumbering, occupied the other. Astonished at this spectacle, he ascertained that on the emperor's arrival they tried to turn out the drummer, who resisted, saying that there was room enough for all; that he was cold, was wounded, was very well there, and would remain where he was:—

On hearing this, Napoleon laughed; and ordered that he should be left on his chair, since he so strongly insisted on it. Thus the emperor and the drummer-boy were sleeping *vis-à-vis*, surrounded by a circle of generals and great dignitaries, standing, waiting for orders. The sound of the cannon came nearer and nearer; and Napoleon, from ten minutes to ten minutes, woke up and sent to press the arrival of Lannes; when Lannes, hurrying in, exclaimed: "Sire, what are you doing here? You are sleeping; and Ney, quite alone, is struggling against the whole Austrian army." "And why did he engage?" replied the em-

peror. "I told him to wait: but he is always the same; he must fall on the enemy the moment he catches sight of them." "Good, good," rejoined Lannes; "but one of his brigades is repulsed; I have my grenadiers at hand; we must go to him. There is not a moment to lose." And he carried off Napoleon, who, getting warm in his turn, pushed so far in advance that Lannes, unable to stop him by remonstrances, brusquely seized the bridle of his horse and compelled him to occupy a less dangerous position.

The details of the capitulation of Ulm, which was conducted by M. de Ségur, are well known. We pass on to the night before Austerlitz; when the emperor's bivouac consisted of a large round wooden barrack, lighted from the top, with a fire in the middle. It had been constructed by his grenadiers on a rising ground commanding a view of the plain. His carriage, in which he had slept the preceding night was close at hand. There was also hard by, towards the main road, an isolated peasant's hut, where his cantine was established, and where the staff dined with him in the low only chamber, and at the long only table, surrounded by the benches which were found in it. Before the dinner began he had satisfied himself that the Russians were about to commit the fatal error of weakening their centre and their right to concentrate an overwhelming force on their left, where they hoped to carry all before them. He was, therefore, in excellent spirits when he sat down.

Murat and Caulaincourt were seated next to him, then Junot, General Mouton, Rapp, Lomarois, Lebrun, Macon, Thiard, Ywan, and myself. The repast was long, contrary to the emperor's custom, who remained hardly twenty minutes at table; the attraction of the conversation detained him. As to me, persuaded that the great event about to decide his fortune would supply the subject, I listened attentively, but quite the contrary fell out. The emperor, addressing Junot, who prided himself on some literary acquirement, turned the conversation on dramatic poetry. Junot having replied by citing some new tragedy, Napoleon—as if he had forgotten the Russian army, the war, and the battle of the morrow—protested, entered fully into the matter, and, getting warm, declared that in his eyes none of these authors had comprehended the new principle which ought to serve as the base of our modern tragedies. He had told the author of "*Les Templiers*" that his tragedy was a failure. He knew full well the poet would never forgive him; one must praise these gentlemen to be praised by them. In this piece a single character was carried out, that of a man who wished to die. But this

* "Then some glasses of Beaune—to dilute—or mayhap Chambertin, which you know's the pet tippie of Nap."

Moore's "Fudge Family in Paris."

was not in nature, and came to nothing; men should wish to live, and know how to die.

"Take Corneille," he went on. "What strength of conception! He would have made a statesman. . . . Now that the prestige of the pagan religion exists no longer, we want another motive power for our tragic scene. It is politics that ought to be the mainspring of modern tragedy. It is that which should replace on our stage the antique fatality, that fatality which makes *Œdipus* criminal without being guilty, which interests us in *Phèdre* by making the gods responsible for a part of her crimes and her weaknesses. Both principles are found in *Iphigenia*. This is the masterpiece of art, the masterpiece of Racine, who is most unjustly accused of wanting force."

He then proceeded to show that political necessity might supply subjects as well as ancient fatality; that thus, what is called a *coup d'état*, a political crime, might become a subject of tragedy, in which, the horror being tempered by necessity, a new and sustained interest would be developed.

Then came several examples, but not probably that one of his reminiscences which inspired him most at this moment. One of them carried him back to the campaign of Egypt, apropos of which, passing to another subject more conformable to our present situation, and the habits of those about him: "Yes," he resumed, "if I had taken Acre I should have assumed the turban, I should have put my army into wide trousers; I should no longer have exposed it to the last extremity; I should have made it my sacred battalion, my immortals! It is by Arabs, by Greeks, by Armenians, that I should have finished the war against the Turks! Instead of a battle in Moravia, I should have gained a battle of *Issus*, have made myself emperor of the East, and returned by Constantinople."

Here M. de Ségur hazarded a suggestion, which was repeated by Junot, that, if there was any question about Constantinople, they were already on their way. To which Napoleon replied that the French were too fond of France to like distant or long expeditions; and when Junot enlarged on the acclamations of the army, Mouton rudely interrupted him, declaring that these acclamations signified nothing; that the army was tired and only showed so much ardour on the eve of a battle in the hope of ending with it on the morrow, and returning home. The emperor, little pleased with this blunt declaration, though he assented to it, rose and broke up the conversation with "*En attendant, allons nous battre!*"

After again inspecting his parks of

artillery and ambulances, and renewing his orders, he threw himself on the straw of the bivouac and fell into a deep sleep, which lasted some hours; and he was with some difficulty awakened by an aide-de-camp, who brought intelligence that a warm attack on the French right had been repulsed. This confirmed his calculations; but wishing to reconnoitre in person, by the fires of the bivouac, the positions of the enemy, he remounted his horse, and, followed by a few of his suite, ventured between the two lines. In spite of repeated warnings, he went on till he fell suddenly on a post of Cossacks, who would have taken or killed him had he not put spurs to his horse and galloped back, protected by the chasseurs of his escort. His return was so hurried, that in repassing the marshy stream which divided the two armies, many men and horses of his suite were swamped in it, amongst others Ywan, his surgeon since 1796, whose duty it was never to be separated from his person. After clearing the stream the emperor regained his bivouac on foot. In passing from one camp-fire to another, he stumbled in the dim light over the trunk of an uprooted tree, on which the idea occurred to a grenadier to twist his straw into the form of a torch, set fire to it, and raising it above his head, give light to the emperor. This flame in the middle of the night, on the eve of the anniversary of the coronation, which illuminated and placed in broad relief the figure of Napoleon, struck the soldiers of the neighbouring bivouacs as a signal:—

The cry arose: "It is the anniversary of the coronation; *vive l'empereur!*"—a burst of ardour which he tried in vain to check, calling out, "Silence and till to-morrow; think only for the present of sharpening your bayonets." But the cry swelled, and the torches multiplied, till the entire line, five or six miles long, was lighted up, and the whole camp rang with acclamations. Thus was improvised, before the eyes of the astonished enemy, the most memorable illumination, the most touching *fête* with which the admiration and devotion of an entire army ever saluted its general. The Russians, it is said, imagined that we were burning our sheds and tents in token of retreat, and their presumption increased. As for Napoleon, vexed at first, but speedily moved and softened, he exclaimed that this *soirée* was "*la plus belle de sa vie.*"

It is remarkable that none of the particulars of this memorable evening have been mentioned by preceding writers, with the exception of the illumination,

which they describe as the result of a regular and premeditated inspection of the bivouacs.* The precise occurrences of the next morning, with some important details of the battle, also appear for the first time in these "*Mémoires* : —

During the rest of the night, despite of fatigue, whether emotion or repeated intelligence of the Russian movements kept him awake, he slept little. At last, when the morning of the 2nd of December began to break, he summoned us all into his barrack. A short repast was served, of which he partook with us standing; after which, buckling on his sword, "Now, gentlemen," were his words, "let us begin a great day." An instant afterwards, there arrived on the summit of the mound, which our soldiers called Emperor's Hill, from different points of our line, each followed by an aide-de-camp, all the chiefs of our *corps d'armée*. It was the will of Napoleon that they should come thus, all at a time, to receive his last orders.

These were Murat, Lannes, Bernadotte, Soult, and Davoust. His general instructions to them were summed up in these words: "Within half an hour the whole line must be *en feu*." As he dismissed each in turn, he simply said, "*Allez !*" with the exception of Bernadotte, whom he distrusted to such a point that he harangued the two divisions under that marshal's command as they advanced to the attack.

At this moment some dark vapours raised by the sun, which intercepted its first rays, seemed to the Russians to favour the flank movement towards their left; on the contrary, it veiled our columns of assault ready to take advantage of this imprudent and foolish manoeuvre in the fact. Their attack had already begun upon our right, which was drawn back and refused. It was not yet eight o'clock: silence and obscurity still reigned over the rest of the line, when suddenly, and at first upon the heights, the sun, dissipating this thick fog, showed us the plateau of Pratzen, which they were denuding more and more by the march of columns to the flank. As to us, remaining in the ravine which marks the foot of this plateau, the smoke of the bivouacs and the fog, thicker at this point, hid from the Russians our centre which was formed in column and ready for the attack.

At this sight, Marshal Soult, whom the emperor had kept the last, was for hurrying to his divisions and giving them the signal; but Napoleon, more calm, allowing the enemy to complete the blunder, retained him, and pointing to Pratzen, asked: "How long will it take you to crown that height?" "Ten minutes." "Away with you, then; but give them an-

other quarter of an hour, and it will be time enough then."

We turn to the description of the same scene by M. Thiers: —

The marshals Lannes, Murat, Soult, with their aides-de-camp, surrounded the emperor, waiting the order to begin the battle on the centre and the left. Napoleon moderated their ardour, wishing to allow the completion of the fault which the Russians were committing on our right, so that they should be unable to get back from these low grounds in which they were seen engaging. At last the sun appeared, and dissipating the mists, inundated this vast field of battle with light. It was the sun of Austerlitz, the sun whose recollection, retraced so many times to the present generation, will doubtless never be forgotten by future generations. The heights of Pratzen were getting stripped of troops. The Russians, executing the plan agreed upon, had descended into the bed of the Goldbach to take possession of the villages situated along this rivulet. Napoleon then gave the signal of attack, and his marshals galloped off to place themselves at the head of their respective corps.

The plateau was carried and the Russian army cut in two, when a gallant attempt was made by the Russian cavalry of the guard to redeem the battle by retaking Pratzen. M. de Ségur was at the emperor's side when they made their charge: —

It was so impetuous that the two battalions of Vandamme's left were crushed. One of them only recovered enough to make off at a run, with the loss of their eagle and most of their arms. They were nearly passing over us and over Napoleon: our efforts to stop them were vain: the poor devils had lost their heads: their only answer to our reproaches for their abandonment of the field of battle and their emperor was by the cry of "*Vive l'empereur !*" which they uttered mechanically while accelerating their pace. Napoleon smiled with pity: then with a gesture of contempt, he said, "Let them go," and, calm in the midst of the mêlée, he dispatched Rapp to bring up the cavalry of his guard.

The encounter between the French and Russian cavalry of the guard was the turning-point. The Russians were driven a second time from the plateau, and the victory was complete: —

Rapp returned alone on the gallop, with his head erect, his eyes on fire, his sabre and forehead covered with blood, such, in fact, as a celebrated picture represents him,* but with

* "The Battle of Austerlitz," painted by Gerard in 1810. It is said that Napoleon was in the habit of sending people to see it as an exact representation: "*Allez voir comme nous étions, c'est parfait.*" — *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, art. "Gerard."

* Lanfrey, vol. iii. p. 387; Thiers, liv. xxiii.

this difference, that there were there, close to Napoleon, neither wrecks of battle, nor broken cannon, nor dead bodies, nor the numerous staff with which the painter has surrounded him. The soil trodden down by the combatants was bare. On this summit, the emperor was two or three paces in advance of us: Berthier by his side, and behind, Caulaincourt, Lebrun, Thiard, and myself. The foot-guards, the very squadron on service, were at some distance in the rear. The other officers were dispersed along the whole line. Rapp, on coming up, said in a loud voice: "Sire, I have made bold to take your chasseurs: we have overthrown, crushed, the Russian Guard, and taken their artillery." "It is well done, I saw it," remarked the emperor; "but you are wounded." "It is nothing, a mere scratch," replied Rapp; and he resumed his place in the middle of us. Savary then coming up at a foot's pace, showed us his Turkish sabre broken, he said, in the same charge by which Rapp had just immortalized himself: but Rapp, who detested him, happening to be near me at the moment, disputed this fact; and as he was still all on fire, he told me a good deal more about it.

Savary has maintained a discreet silence on this subject in his "Memoirs." M. Thiers merely says that the emperor, surrounded by his staff, received Rapp, covered with blood, and gave him the most striking tokens of satisfaction. Painters in general may be excused for inventing accessories; but historical pictures should be true, or they may aid in the falsification of history. Thus Mac-lise's fresco in the Houses of Parliament, which places the meeting of the Duke of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo at La Belle Alliance, will certainly be cited to prove that the Prussians had a greater share in the battle than we can possibly concede to them. The meeting really took place at the *Maison du Roi* or *Maison Rouge*, between two and three miles from the battle-field.

The battle of Austerlitz ended about four; and the emperor was occupied till long after nightfall in going over the field and looking after the wounded, frequently stopping whilst Yvan and his Mamelouk administered brandy from his own flask:—

It was ten before he took up his quarters for the night in the mean post-house of Porsnitz. He supped on the provisions which the soldiers brought him from the neighbouring bivouacs, stopping every moment, and sending order upon order to collect the wounded and have them carried to the ambulances. It was there, that finding Rapp, with the wound in his forehead, he said to him, "It is an additional quarter of nobility; I know of none more illustrious."

It is difficult to understand how the line of retreat of a numerous body of troops can be matter of doubt, yet for two days after the battle of Ligny Napoleon was uncertain what direction the Prussian army had taken, and the morning after Austerlitz he was similarly at a loss. Deceived by Murat, he pushed the pursuit in the wrong direction for some hours; but before the day closed the emperor of Austria had sent to notify his abandonment of the coalition, and to demand an armistice, an interview, and peace.* A suspension of arms was granted—the more readily because a portion of the French army might have been compromised by the continuation of hostilities; and about 10 A.M. on the morning of the 4th, Napoleon, surrounded by his suite, galloped along the Hungary road till he reached a rising ground above Urchutz, overlooking a valley, one side of which was occupied by the French guard and the opposite by the remains of the Austrian troops. Here he pulled up, and ordered M. de Ségur to descend into the low ground and have a fire lighted by the chasseurs. A tree cut down the night before by the Russians, about ten paces on the left from the main road, indicated a suitable spot:—

It was there that I established this celebrated bivouac, where the interview of the two emperors was about to take place. The fire was lighted; Napoleon had just put foot to ground: several of his chasseurs were emulously carpeting the ground with straw: others were fixing a plank of the felled tree for the two emperors to sit upon; when, smiling at all these preparations, he said to me: "There, that will do,—and it took six months to regulate the ceremonial of the interview between Francis I. and Charles V.!"

Treating as an ungenerous fiction the statement in one of Napoleon's bulletins to the effect that the Russian army was completely at his mercy when he granted the armistice, M. Lanfrey adds that the same might be said of the words which he puts into the mouth of the emperor of Austria in the recital of the interview: "France is in the right if her quarrel with England. The English are traders who set fire to the Continent to secure the commerce of the world." But if these were not the exact expressions, they do not differ substantially from what M. de Ségur overheard. After contrast-

* M. Thiers states that Prince John of Lichtenstein was sent directly after the battle, and had an interview with Napoleon that same evening at the post-house.

ing the cold, inexpressive air and look of the Austrian emperor with the cordial address and manner of Napoleon when they met, he continues : —

His (the Austrian emperor's) first words, however, were appropriate : he hoped, he said, that our emperor would appreciate the step he had first taken to accelerate the general peace. But immediately, with a strange and obviously forced smile, he added : " Well, so you wish to strip me, to deprive me of my states ? " To some words of Napoleon, he replied : " The English ! ah, they are dealers in human flesh. " We did not hear any more, having remained on the road with the Austrian officers, ten paces from the two monarchs and Prince de Lichtenstein, the only person admitted to the conference. But it was easy for us to see that it was especially Lichtenstein who sustained the discussion.

Napoleon's last words, uttered in a raised voice, were : " So your Majesty promises me not to recommence the war. " Francis II. replied, that he swore it, and would keep faith. They then embraced and separated. Napoleon's first words on remounting his horse were : " We shall soon see Paris again ; the peace is as good as made. " But on his way back to Austerlitz, after dispatching Savary to arrange with the two emperors, he became uneasy and thoughtful, and exclaimed with bitterness, that " it was impossible to trust to these promises ; that they had given him a lesson he should never forget ; that henceforth he would always have four hundred thousand men under arms ! "

When this peace was concluded, M. de Ségur's eagerness for active service, and wish to visit Italy, led him to solicit the appointment of aide-de-camp to King Joseph ; and he acted as a sort of military adviser to that unmilitary monarch in the campaign undertaken to conquer the newly-acquired kingdom of Naples. When the conquest was complete by the capture of Gaeta, M. de Ségur became equally eager to return to Paris ; and persisted in the intention, notwithstanding the most flattering offers and entreaties from King Joseph. His accounts of his parting interview with Joseph and first colloquy on his return with Napoleon, are full of curious and characteristic matter, on which we cannot afford space to dwell. In reference to this colloquy, after stating that its tone of kindness towards himself was quite paternal, he adds : —

I will only repeat the last words, because they prove that the emperor was then far from

believing in the aggression, though so near, of the king of Prussia. These were : " Rest yourself, then, and marry ; there is time for all things, and there is no question whatever about war ! " Six weeks later, however, and married, I rejoined him at Wurtzbourg ; passing thus, without more repose, from the campaigns of Ulm, Austerlitz and Naples, to those of Prussia and Poland.

We are disposed to give the emperor full credit for good faith in thus negating all immediate expectation of a renewal of hostilities ; for no one could have calculated on the degree of fatuity which hurried the Prussians into a declaration of war at the most ill-chosen time, with divided councils, without allies, with an army led by incompetent commanders, who confidently relied on the traditional (and misunderstood) tactics of the great Frederic. There is nothing like it in history, except the fatuity of the French in declaring war against Germany in 1870 ; when the parallel is complete, even as regards the illustrious personages who were most instrumental in accelerating the catastrophe, as well as the want of preparation, the presumption and incapacity of the chiefs, and the sudden collapse of spirit and energy under the ensuing catastrophe. In fact, the positions were exactly reversed ; and it looked as if the two nations had undergone an entire transformation of character to fit them for an exchange of parts.

Napoleon saw his advantage, and foretold that the war (of 1806) would be neither costly nor long.

It is certain, that before his departure from Paris, on the 24th September, he announced the annihilation of the Prussian army towards the 15th of the following month, and that he designated Clark as governor of Berlin towards the end of October. Daru, from whom I have these facts, of which he was witness, added that at Mayence, the 2nd October, when he demanded the order for the *trésor* (the military chest), to follow, Napoleon replied that the treasurer would suffice. The *trésor* remained in France. The emperor reckoned so much on the plunder of Prussia, that he carried with him only eighty thousand francs, to keep and pay two hundred thousand men.

What is commonly called the battle of Jena consisted of two battles ; and M. de Ségur fully confirms the charge brought by M. Lanfrey against Napoleon of purposely confounding them, with the view of monopolizing the glory. On the night of the 13th, the night after the battle, he was quartered in an inn, and sleeping in a common inn-bed.

He was not then surrounded by all those comforts which subsequently contributed to make war less fatiguing to him, and, perhaps too easy. I entered (at midnight), lamp in hand, and approached his bed. In an instant the dull light of this lamp woke him from a deep sleep, for he could endure no light at night, and the feeblest glimmer was enough to prevent him from sleeping.

After listening to M. de Ségur's report, he asked whether no cannonade had been heard towards Weimar, remarking, that a considerable affair must have occurred in that direction. Two hours afterwards he was awakened again by Bourke, an officer of Davoust's, who came to announce the victory of Auerstädt, a victory so independent of Jena, that eight or ten hours after its conclusion the emperor knew nothing of it.

There is ground for astonishment, therefore, if, in the following bulletin, it was his pleasure to confound this victory with his own. It was especially at Auerstädt, and by one of his lieutenants, that, three times more numerous, the *élite* of the Prussian troops, with their most renowned generals, their princes and their king, had been annihilated; whilst at Jena, the emperor, as strong as the enemy, found he had only conquered two lieutenants, whom he had surprised separated from the rest. The glory was too disproportioned to be avowed before the world by him who lived on glory.

All that can be urged in excuse for this mystification is, that the success of both battles was conjointly owing to his strategy: this is the view apparently taken by M. Thiers; but what are we to think of the portentous audacity of the statement that he had eighty thousand men before him, whilst Davoust had only to encounter fifty thousand, a statement which, after being published in a bulletin, was regularly recorded in the archives of the war office?

The same night during which he was twice disturbed, he had made inquiries about a numerous body of Saxon prisoners:—

I afterwards ascertained that they had defiled before him whilst, stretched on the ground with his maps, he was marking out to Berthier those bold movements which followed his victory. He was so overcome by fatigue that, in the middle of this work, he fell asleep. His grenadiers saw it, and, on a sign from Marshal Lefebvre, they silently formed round him; thus protecting the sleep of their emperor on the ground where he had just treated them to so splendid a spectacle!

This illustrates some remarks of Napoleon at St. Helena, when he censured

what he called historical silliness (*niaiserie*) on the part of historians who judged ill of men and events. "It was wrong, for example, to expatiate on the calmness of Alexander, Cæsar, and others, for having slept on the eve of a battle. There are none of our soldiers, of our generals, who have not repeated this marvel twenty times, and nearly all the heroism lay in the foregoing fatigue." M. de Ségur describes him passing the night before Wagram, within reach of the enemy, on the alert, the horses bridled.

The emperor was in the middle of his guard. . . . A spread mantle served him for a tent. He slept under it scarcely three or four hours; but as profoundly as usual. It was necessary to wake him in the morning. This will excite no astonishment if we reflect that at these critical moments history shows us hardly any great men without sleep or appetite; not that robust health is indispensable to these great actions, but rather because they require elevated and firm characters which maintain their calm.

Condé was an excellent sleeper: so was the Duke of Wellington: so was Pitt, till his health became fatally shattered; * and the power or habit is quite as essential in civil as in military affairs, for without it both mind and body must prove unequal to a strain. One striking exception was Nelson, who, when everything was ready for the attack on Copenhagen, and he was only waiting for a wind, was with difficulty persuaded to attempt an hour or two of rest. He allowed his cot to be placed on the deck and lay down on it, but never closed his eyes a moment; and at brief intervals during some hours, kept anxiously inquiring about the wind. Napoleon or Wellington would have ordered himself to be called when the wind was favourable, and gone quietly to sleep. Yet Nelson was a hero in the brightest acceptance of the word—

The fiery spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay.

At Wagram there was a time when the French left was routed, and the artillery of Boudet taken. Intelligence of this disaster and of the threatening ad-

* Striking instances are given by Lord Stanhope: "Life of Pitt," vol. iii. p. 39, and "Life of Condé," p. 18. We have heard the late Earl of Westmoreland relate that the duke, on arriving before St. Sebastian, was informed that the breaching batteries would not open for two hours. "Then," said he, turning to his aide-de-camp, "the best thing we can do, Burghersh, is to go to sleep." He got off his horse, slipped into a trench, sat down with his back against the side, and was asleep in an instant. "I was only too glad," added Lord Westmoreland, "to follow his example."

vance of the Austrian right to operate on the French rear being brought by one of Massena's aides-de-camp, the emperor remained silent, impassive, as if he had heard nothing, with looks fixed on the opposite side, on Neusiedl and Davoust. It was not till he saw the fire of Davoust, and his victorious right wing pass the high tower of this village, that he turned to the aide-de-camp: "Boudet's artillery is taken. Well, it was there to be taken. Go and tell Massena that the battle is won." It was then far from won; a desperate effort was required to redeem it, and he was obliged to order up his reserve, to which he never resorted except in the last emergency.

Having given this order, confident of its execution by Lauriston, Davoust, and D'Aboville, and sure of its effect, tranquillized, moreover, by the progress of Davoust and our right wing, Napoleon alighted, and that which will astonish, but is certain, is that, calling Rustan (the Mamelouk), he caused his bearskin to be spread out, stretched himself upon it, and fell into a deep sleep! This sleep had already lasted nearly twenty minutes, and was beginning to create disquiet, when he awoke, without surprise, without eagerness to know what had come to pass during this absence of his consciousness. We could even see, by the direction of his first look, and by the orders which he redoubled, that he resumed, or rather followed, his train of thought as if it had undergone no interruption.

The connection of subject has led us to neglect the order of time. Between Jena and Wagram M. de Ségur's stirring career is crowded with exploits and adventures enough to set up half-a-dozen ordinary autobiographers. He is taken prisoner in a skirmish with Cossacks and carried to Siberia, where he is detained till the peace of Tilsit. The scene then changes to Spain, where we find him (November, 1808) *tête-à-tête* with the emperor in the imperial headquarters at Burgos, which he had been sent forward to get ready and had established in the archiepiscopal palace.

I had not yet placed the first posts, when the emperor himself arrived, with only his Mamelouk and Savary. He had travelled all the night like myself; he arrived post haste, covered with mud, and half-dead with hunger, cold, and fatigue. This palace had not been spared much more than the rest of the city. The apartment destined for the emperor was still in the greatest confusion; strewn with pieces of broken glass, overturned bottles of wine, and broken articles of furniture. We did our best to restore some order; then, Savary having gone to prepare some provisions

with Rustan, I was left alone with the emperor, who assisted me to light his fire.

I had completed this duty by the help of a candle, when Napoleon, whose fine sense of smell was offended by the rank odour of the place, called to me to open a window near which he happened to be seated. I hastened up, and we began by drawing the curtains, but what a surprise! Behind these curtains were three Spaniards, armed to the teeth, upright, motionless, with their backs pressed against the shutters, who had taken refuge there to escape our plunderers, or had come with plundering intent, of which their army was accused like ours. During more than ten minutes, whilst Napoleon, alone with me, was there without distrust, one while seated, one while bent over the fire, and with his back to them, they might ten times over, by a single blow, have terminated the war. But, fortunately, they were soldiers of the line, not insurgents. These wretches, seeing themselves discovered, remained frozen with fear. The emperor did not even think of laying his hand upon his sword; he smiled with a gesture of pity. I disarmed them, and delivered them to our soldiers; and, after making sure that there was no other hidden enemy in the room, I hastened to reconnoitre the rest of this immense building.

In his advance towards Madrid, the emperor sustained a check which had well-nigh proved fatal to M. de Ségur. The main road lay through a defile bordered by high rocks, at the end of which was a narrow and steep ascent to mount before gaining the plateau of the Sommo-Sierra. On the top were a redoubt commanding the pass, twelve thousand Spaniards, and sixteen guns. The rocks on each side of the defile swarmed with skirmishers. On arriving at this defile, Marshal Victor paused till the arrival of the emperor, who was both surprised and angry at the delay. He ordered his escort, composed of eighty Polish light horsemen under seven officers, to charge and sweep the obstacle from his path. They held back on recognizing its character; and the emperor, who, in his eagerness, had come under the fire of the skirmishers, was told that to carry the position by a charge in front was impossible. "How? Impossible? I do not know such a word. Nothing should be impossible for my Poles." He would not listen to Walther, the commandant of his guard, who urged that the position might be turned, and that nothing would be lost by waiting. "Impossible! What! my guard stopped by peasants! before armed banditti!" At this moment balls whistled round him, and M. de Ségur advanced to cover him, fearing every mo-

ment to see him hit, and "too much heated (he owns) by his expressions, for Walther was right." But the emperor, seeing the sympathetic animation of the aide-de-camp, exclaimed, as if in response, "Yes, yes, away with you; go, Ségur, make my Poles charge. Get them all taken, or bring me some prisoners!" Ségur obeyed without hesitation, and addressing the Polish commander, told him that they must charge directly, and charge home. As the most conclusive answer, Piré led him to the sharp turn in the road where the ascent began, with the preparations for their reception.

There were full forty thousand musket-balls and twenty discharges of grape-shot to receive per minute. Nothing was more convincing, no doubt; but the order was too imperative, and there was no drawing back. "It's all the same" (*c'est égal*), I exclaimed; "the emperor wishes us to make an end of it! Come along, colonel, be ours the honour, *rompez par pelotons et en avant*." Any other soldiers would have been intimidated by the foregoing colloquy uttered aloud; they would have hesitated, but with these heroic troops there was nothing of the kind. I had hardly time to unsheath my sabre before the charge had begun. We charged at full speed. I was ten paces in advance, with my head bent down, replying by our war-cry (which I needed to keep me up to the mark) to the roar of the enemy's guns, and to the infernal hissing of their musket-balls and grapeshot. I reckoned on the rapidity of our impetuous attack: I hoped that, astonished at our audacity, they would fire badly: that, after all, we should have time to arrive in the middle of their cannon and their bayonets, and throw them into confusion. But they fired only too well.

He is shot down with more than half the party. Besides several slighter wounds, a grapeshot grazing his breast nearly laid bare his heart; and a musket-ball in the side, by suspending his respiration, compels him to stop. He quits his wounded horse, and, whilst making the best of his way back, comes upon a boy-trumpeter weeping over an officer, whose horse, by the lad's aid, he mounts, and contrives to reach the covering rock from which he started on the charge. Utterly exhausted by the effort, he falls into the arms of the grenadiers, who are carrying him to the rear, when the group, passing near the emperor, attracted his attention. "Ah, poor Ségur!" he exclaimed, on hearing who it was; "quick, Ywan, and save him for me!" Ywan obeyed, and was in the act of assisting the grenadiers to carry him, when another musket-ball from the crest of the defile "chose him

out alone in the middle of the heads bending over him." It grazed without hurting them, and entered his right thigh. The bearers stopped. "Ah!" exclaimed Ywan, "there is his thigh broken into the bargain." "No, no," he exclaimed, moving it; "but, quick, get me out of this, for it seems that fate is decidedly adverse to me this day."

When my wounds came to be examined, Ywan showed no emotion at the wound over the heart, or that in the thigh, from which he extracted the ball without difficulty, but from the contraction of his features when he saw the shot which had penetrated my entrails above the liver, and of which he vainly sounded the depth, I comprehended that he had lost all hope of saving me. I collected as much still more clearly from his gestures in answer to the eager and numerous inquiries of the officers of the Old Guard, and their exclamations of regret, final adieux which their friendship addressed to me.

As the Spanish position was eventually turned and carried, Napoleon thought proper to confound this charge with the general attack, and during two or three days was ignorant, or affected to be, when and where Ségur had been struck down. It was on the road to Madrid that, sending for Larrey, the surgeon-in-chief, he asked if he had seen Ségur and could answer for his life. On Larrey's replying in the negative, after some questions addressed to Duroc and Berthier, Napoleon turned towards the officers of his suite and said, "Do any of you know how Ségur got wounded? Could it be in carrying some order?" There was no answer till Piré, a bold Breton, as much surprised at the question as (remarks Ségur) he himself could have been, pushed his horse forward, and said, "Alas, sire, it was in charging by your order at the head of the Polish squadron in attendance on your person. I heard and saw it." This was confirmed by General Montbrun and Ywan. The emperor then remained pensive, and had a bulletin of Ségur's state brought to him daily.

Short of admitting an error, he did all in his power to make up for it by promoting Ségur to a colonelcy, and causing two highly flattering letters to be addressed to him, remarking, however, to Berthier, that to be so frequently wounded was a bad sign. "I have been at fifty battles without being wounded; and he, — here are two, one after the other; in which he has been hit. Luck is indispensable in war."

Ségur's condition was still critical in

the extreme. The young doctor left in charge of him thought him dying, and was actually giving directions to his servant for his decent interment and the disposition of his effects, when Ségur, who felt stifled, managed to articulate a few words, intimating a determination to be bled.

The doctor recoiled with an exclamation; and I saw from his look raised to heaven that he dared not, fearing to see me expire under his lancet. Then, stretching out my arm with an imperative sign and word, I decided him; my blood flowed, and I was saved. That very evening he proudly declared me out of danger.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he was sent to Paris with the Spanish colours taken in the campaign, which he had the distinguished honour of presenting to the *Corps Législatif*. But he saw from the first that what little glory was to be gained by French arms in Spain would be dearly bought; and he condemns in the strongest terms the lust of conquest which induced Napoleon to persist in reducing to subjection a people like the Spaniards, who were rising on all sides against the French.

Our first army had learnt too well by experience how atrocious monkish anger can be: what hatred and revenge can be concentrated in the soul of an insulted Spaniard. They (the Spaniards) had seen tears in the eyes of the images of their saints. Thenceforth, our sick, our stragglers, our officers sent with orders, surprised and seized, had been, the most fortunate of them, murdered on the spot; others thrown into cauldrons of boiling water; others again either sawn between planks or roasted by a slow fire. Amongst a thousand victims of similar atrocities our soldiers cited one of the worthiest and most humane of their generals, whom they found still living, hanging on one of the trees by the roadside, where these monsters had sawed off his four limbs.*

The emperor told the Abbé de Pradt (who repeated it to M. de Ségur), that, if the conquest of Spain were likely to cost him eighty thousand men, he would not attempt it, but that it would not cost him twelve thousand. "It is child's play. The Spaniards do not know what a French army is. The Prussians were the same: you have seen what they have made of it. Believe me, this will soon be over. *I wish no harm to anybody*; but when my grand political car is launched, evil to all who are found upon its track." The abor-

tive attempt lost him more than three hundred thousand men, when he most wanted them; and the final upset of his car was mainly owing to the obstacle which he went out of his way to drive against in Spain.

Early in 1810 M. de Ségur formed one of the mission, headed by Hortense, queen of Naples, which was despatched to the Austrian frontier to receive Marie Louise and escort her to France. He says that the Austrian gentlemen who accompanied her were affable enough, but that he never saw a more stiff, constrained, silent set of women than the ladies, who seemed bent on revenging by their repelling manners the humiliation inflicted on their country by French arms:—

Custom requires from a foreign princess thus situated a sudden transformation so complete that, about her as on her, nothing must remain which attaches her to the country, the persons, and the habits from which she is to be separated. The queen of Naples did not neglect the observance of this rule. The change of articles of dress, the most complete, was but an amusement; that of persons being foreseen, there was nothing to do but to submit to it. This painful transition would have passed without too evident a mortification if the jealous anxiety of the sister-in-law of Napoleon had not been attracted to a little Viennese dog, the parting with which, inexorably exacted, cost Marie Louise many tears. . . .

On the 20th March he (the emperor) had come to Compiègne to meet her. On the 28th he started incognito with Murat. He met us, at nightfall, at Courcelles, where we saw him, through a pouring rain, run up hastily, open the carriage of Marie Louise, throw himself into it, and embrace the archduchess with an ardour which it is impossible to paint.

This marriage completed the mental intoxication in which he had been habitually indulging for the last two or three years. Until the actual overthrow was impending, checks and reverses only served as stimulants, and M. de Ségur compares his imperial patron to a gambler who, spoilt or *blasé* by a long run of good luck, seeks a new excitement, if not a new pleasure, in running extraordinary risks against the known calculation of chances. All his most sagacious counsellors were agreed in deprecating the expedition to Russia, and the common opinion was that his head was turned when he conceived the insensate project of reducing the whole of Europe to a state of vassalage. M. Lanfrey says that he sought war as a diversion and an exercise indispensable for his spirits and health. This cannot be said of his later campaigns. It was

* This is confirmed to the letter by Colonel Comte de Sonnevillle in his highly interesting "Memoirs," recently published.

one of his favourite maxims that health and youth, as well as luck, are indispensable in war, and his own powers of exertion and endurance were prodigious till he had passed middle age. One day, at Alexandria, in 1802, he rode over the whole of the fortifications and the surrounding country, tiring out five horses, and so completely knocking up his escort, that they could hardly keep their legs, whilst he remained standing and at work far into the night. His constant mode of accounting for the failures and reverses of his decline was, that he could not be everywhere; and it was undoubtedly true that his quasi omnipotence at the earlier and more auspicious periods was a main element of success. Before the end of 1810, when he was in his forty-second year, he had contracted an inconvenient degree of *embonpoint*, and he told M. de Ségur's father that he could not ride the shortest distance without fatigue. Nor was this the worst. He was obliged to be constantly on his guard against a painful malady, an access of which might prostrate him at any moment when he required the unimpaired energies of both mind and body. There were four or five occasions on which the destinies of the empire, of the world, were more or less influenced by this complaint.

It is certain that at Schönbrunn, shortly after the great efforts of Essling and Wagram, towards the end of July, a malady that has remained mysterious suddenly attacked him. The most intimate of his chief officers knew its nature and have kept it secret. The others are still ignorant of it; but the entire sequestration of the emperor during eight days, mysterious conferences between Murat, Berthier, and Duroc, their evident anxiety, and their prompt summons of Corvisart and the principal physician of Vienna, all proves that serious alarm prevailed at the imperial headquarters.

M. de Ségur attributes to exhaustion and depression, premonitory of this attack, the suspension of arms at Znaim (July 11, 1809), to which the emperor agreed against the earnest remonstrances of his marshals and amidst the clamorous disappointment of the army.

At Borodino, Ney, Davoust, and Murat called simultaneously for the Young Guard. "Let it only show itself, let it only follow in support, and we answer for the rest." Their messenger, Belliard, returned in alarm and haste to announce the impossibility of obtaining the reserve from the emperor, whom he had found at the same place, with an air of pain and

depression, a dull drowsy look, the features drawn, giving his orders languidly and indifferently. At this recital Ney gave free vent to his indignation:—

"Had they come so far to be content with a battle-field? What was the emperor about behind the army, where he is only within reach of a reverse and not of a success? Since he no longer makes war in person, is no longer general, let him return to the Tuilleries, and leave us to be his generals." Murat was more calm. "He remembered seeing the emperor the day before, when reconnoitring the front of the enemy's line, stop frequently, get off his horse, and leaning his brow against a cannon, remain there in an attitude of pain."

The morning after the battle, when it was agreed on all hands that a grand opportunity had been missed, when Murat declared that the genius of Napoleon was not to be recognized on that day, and the viceroy (Eugène) owned that the indecision of his father-in-law was unaccountable, M. de Ségur remarks that "those only who never quitted him saw that the conqueror of so many nations had been conquered by a burning fever, and especially by a fatal return of that painful malady which was renewed by every over-violent and too-prolonged movement." They recalled his own prophetic exclamation at Austerlitz: "Oudinot is worn out. One has only a given time for war. I shall be good for six years more; after which I must stop." In specifying six years from Austerlitz, he gave himself too long.

The third occasion, when he was similarly prevented from following up the last of his great victories, that of Dresden, is minutely described by M. de Ségur:—

The day of his attack was the 28th August (1813); the hour, mid-day; the place, a meadow, on the right of the main road to Prague, a quarter of a league from Pírna. He stopped there to breakfast. From the first moment of this short meal a deep disgust took possession of him; convulsions of the stomach, pains in the bowels came on. To state the exact fact as admitted by himself to Haxo in 1815, from whom I have it, a little garlic mingled in his breakfast contributed to decide the fate of the campaign. There was an instant when he thought himself poisoned.

The halt which was to last twenty minutes, lasted some hours, and one result of the delay was the disaster which befell Vandamme and completely changed the whole aspect of events.

A few days before he left Paris for Waterloo the emperor told Davoust and the Comte de Ségur *père* that he had no longer any confidence in his star, and his

worn, depressed look was in keeping with his words.

Some days later, at Charleroi, the morning of the battle of Fleurus (Ligny), the emperor having sent for Reille, this general, on seeing him, was affected by a painful surprise. He found him, he told me, seated near the fireplace in a state of prostration, asking questions languidly, and appearing scarcely to listen to the replies; a prostration to which Reille attributed the inaction of one of our corps upon that day, and the long and bloody indecision of this first battle.

As to the second, that of Waterloo, Turenne and Monthyon, general of division and sub-chief of the staff, have told me a hundred times that during this battle, which was deciding his fate, he remained a long time seated before a table placed upon this fatal field, and that they frequently saw his head, overcome by sleep, sink down upon the map spread out before his heavy eyes. Monthyon added that, when the catastrophe was declared, he and the grand-marshal Bertrand could only enable the emperor to make good his retreat to Charleroi, by holding him up between them on his horse, his body sunk (*affaissé*) and his head shaking, overcome by a feverish drowsiness.*

The disgust at food which came over him in the meadow near Dresden may have been the result of fatigue; and writers on gastronomy have recorded on the authority of Hoffmann, the novelist, who was in Dresden at the time, that the dish which caused the mischief was a shoulder of mutton stuffed with garlic. With regard to the other occasions, there is no longer room for mystery or doubt. Two short extracts from attestations signed by Yvan, his body surgeon, confirmed by Mestivier, the body physician during the Russian campaign, will suffice:—

L'empereur était très-accessible à l'influence atmosphérique. Il fallait pour lui, pour que l'équilibre se conservât, que la peau remplît toujours ses fonctions. Dès que son tissu était serré, soit par une cause morale ou atmosphérique, l'appareil d'irritation se manifestait avec une influence plus ou moins grave, et la toux et l'ischurie se prononçaient avec violence. Tous ces accidents cédaient au rétablissement des fonctions de la peau.

Il était soumis aux influences morales, et le spasme se partageait ordinairement entre l'es-

* "*Mélanges*," forming an appendix or supplement to the "*Histoire et Mémoires*," also published in 1873. Amongst other verses, the production of his advanced years, they contain some addressed to France, December, 1839, beginning:—

"Des temps de Marengo, vétéran solitaire,
J'élève encore vers toi ma voix nonagénaire."

tomac et la vessie. Le déplacement à cheval augmentait ses souffrances. Il éprouvait l'ensemble de ces accidents au moment de la bataille de Moskowa.

In 1812, Napoleon told the Comte de Ségur père, that "from his youth he had suffered from attacks, getting more frequent it is true, of this infirmity which he believed to be merely nervous," and enjoined him to observe the strictest secrecy. M. Thiers, who is not quite satisfied upon the point, admits that Jerome Bonaparte, and a surgeon in attendance, told him that at Waterloo Napoleon was suffering from the malady described by M. de Ségur.

When the emperor's marshals and generals, foreseeing to what his restless ambition must inevitably lead, counselled peace, he accused them of a selfish love of ease inspired by the honour and riches he had heaped upon them. But as one after the other of his bravest and most devoted followers was struck down, he began to feel that victories were bought with blood, and that his wars might end by leaving him friendless and alone. When, at the battle of Essling, Lannes, with both knees shattered by a cannon-ball, was carried by, he stopped the bearers, threw his arm round the dying marshal, and bursting into tears, covered his brow with kisses, and cried out amidst sobs: "Lannes, my friend, do you not know me? it is I, Bonaparte, your friend. Lannes! Lannes! you shall live, you shall be saved to us!" At the sound of this well-known voice, the marshal, opening his eyes, replied by an effort, "I wish to live, to serve you still and our France . . . but I believe that within an hour you will have lost him who was your best friend."

Mortally wounded on the 22nd May, Lannes lived till the 30th, and the emperor visited him daily; but he had lost all consciousness after the second day; and a story, accredited by M. Lanfrey, got abroad that he repelled the caresses of the emperor, and gave vent to imprecations or complaints against ambition and "the insensibility of the reckless gambler, in whose eyes men were nothing more than the current coin which one risks without scruple and loses without remorse."* This is hardly reconcilable with the devoted attachment of Lannes, a rude soldier little given to sentiment or reflection; and M. de Ségur

* Lanfrey, vol. iv. p. 538.

states that the last time he was visited by Napoleon, he was found in a prophetic delirium, making gestures, fancying that he was defending Bonaparte, and crying out that he saw an assassin ready to attempt the life of his emperor.

It was within six weeks after the death of Lannes (July 11th) that the emperor was on the point of yielding to Davoust, who wished to follow up a success, when news was brought that the general of cavalry, Bruyères, had been wounded: "You see," said he, addressing Davoust, "death is hovering over my generals, and who knows that within an hour or two I shall not hear that you too have been hit? No; enough of blood has been shed. I accept the suspension of arms."

About the same time his self-confidence was seriously undermined. Writing (June 16th) after the battle of Essling to the king of Bavaria to announce the victory of Raab, gained by Eugène, he says: "I congratulate you on the success of your son-in-law, more fortunate than I. He has just beaten the enemy who beat me." "Whilst on this subject," adds M. de Ségur, "I may add that shortly afterwards, in intimate conversation, far from pretending to infallible uninterrupted victory, he said to my father, recalling Saint Jean d'Acre, the bridge of Arcola, and this reverse of Essling, 'that it would be wrong to suppose him invincible, and that he had often been vanquished.'"

On May 22, 1813, Duroc, the grand marshal, his almost inseparable companion and most attached adherent since 1796, was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, which, after cutting in two a general of engineers, tore open the bowels and shattered the hip of Duroc. The ensuing scene is thus described:—

Ywan, Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, the Duc de Plaisance, the Comte de Canouville, and Bonneval, Duroc's aide-de-camp, were present; all turning aside, were in sobs. Berthier drawing Canouville convulsively towards him, exclaimed: "Oh, my friend, behold our destiny! this horrible, this eternal war will be the death of all of us." Duroc kept entreating the emperor not to remain longer in this atmosphere of death. But Napoleon could not subdue his consternation; his knees trembled under him. Ywan saw it, and whispered to Soult: "Support him, he is sinking;" and the marshal tried to take him away. Then the emperor pressing this dying and devoted hand which he still held, pronounced the cruel adieu, adding that they should both see each other again in a better world. "Yes, sire,"

replied the grand-marshal, "in a world where we shall never be separated again."

A better world! and this from the man who had done more than any human being to make the world we live in a bad and wicked world, to render bare existence in it a misery and a curse to millions, to encourage rapine and murder, to let loose every baneful passion, to deface and desolate the fairest quarters of the globe! What an idle mockery it sounds! Yet such is the force of habit, that these incongruities pass uncensured or unobserved, like the *Te Deum* (in "Candide") chanted in both camps to the God of peace and mercy after a battle in which the souls of some thirty thousand sinners had been sent unshriven to their last account.

Napoleon deliberately asserted at St. Helena that he had done no wrong, that he should appear before his Maker without a fear; yet he had no pure, firm, elevating faith. He was never a believer in the common acceptation of the term. He had no more scruples about self-destruction than dread of futurity. He alternated, according to his spirits or his prospects, between gloomy fatalism and credulous confidence in his star. On the 20th of March, 1814, before Arcis, he persevered in ignoring the proximity of the allied army till he was assailed in overwhelming numbers, and his guard fell back in confusion:—

In the middle of this affray he tried in vain to draw his sword. It was so rusted in the sheath that it required two of his equerries, Fouler and Saint Aignan, to draw it, and with such an effort that Fouler was wounded by it. At this moment a shell fell before the emperor; he pushed his horse upon it. Excelsmans was on the point of crying out to warn and turn him back, when Sebastiani exclaimed: "Let him alone, will you: you see plainly that he does it of set purpose; *il veut en finir*."

Sebastiani was right; Napoleon then, as at Saint Jean d'Acre, despaired of his fortune. The shell burst; he disappeared for a moment in the smoke, but the explosion only wounded his horse.

Shortly after this escape, he was riding, followed by St. Aignan, along the crumbling crest of a ravine, so near to the edge that the least land-slip must have precipitated him into the abyss. St. Aignan called to him to take care, that there was no *garde-fou* (railing). "What!" exclaimed Napoleon, suddenly pulling up, "no *garde-fou*. There wants, you say, a *garde-fou*;" and pre-occupied with the

ominous derivation of the word, he kept murmuring, "*Ah! Monsieur, un garde-fou. Vous dites qu'il manque ici un garde-fou.*"

The most minute details of the emperor's attempt to poison himself at Fontainebleau are given by M. de Ségur. It failed apparently because both the poisons he tried — laudanum and a powder composed by Cabanis — had lost their strength; and while the officers of his suite were occupied in sustaining and restoring him, he complained to Caulaincourt that "all, even death, had proved false."

Although much of Napoleon's conduct during the campaign of 1814 was of a nature to require a *garde-fou*, his military genius was never more strikingly displayed; and the most perilous of his manoeuvres, that of throwing himself in the rear of the allied army, the army commanded by Schwarzenburg, would have succeeded had it not been counteracted by treachery. They were on the point of retreating, when secret information reached them from Paris that they might reckon on active co-operation within the walls. After mentioning two intercepted letters from Marie Louise and Savary intimating as much, M. de Ségur goes on to say: —

This is certain. What is less so is the following fact. A witness, however, has attested it to me, although Pozzo was unable to certify it. This witness deposed that an emissary from Paris had brought in a hollow cane, to the emperor of Russia, these words: "*Vous pouvez tout, et vous n'osez rien! Osez donc enfin.*" The emissary was to supplement this communication.

It is strange that Pozzo di Borgo was unable to give precise information upon such a point, still stranger that so much doubt should exist regarding it. Count de Nesselrode states in his "Autobiography" that whilst with the allied army at Troyes, he was told that a peasant wished to speak to him, and that, on being admitted, the so-called peasant, announcing himself as the Baron de Vitrolles, drew from the heel of his boot a slip of paper, on which when held to the fire there appeared, written in sympathetic ink, in the handwriting of the Duc d'Alberg, these words: "*L'homme qui vous remet ceci, mérite toute confiance. Ecoutez-le, et reconnaissez-moi. Vous marchez sur des béquilles. Il est temps d'être clair. Servez-vous de vos jambes et voulez ce que pouvez.*" This slip of paper is now in the possession of Count de Nesselrode (the son of the cele-

brated statesman), a popular and most agreeable member of English society as we write. The "Autobiography," which by his kindness we have read in the original French, has never been published except in a Russian journal and in Russian. It is unluckily little more than a sketch.

This is clearly what lawyers call the best evidence; yet, such is history, there is equally good evidence for a contradictory version which we had from Buchon (the editor of the "*Chroniques*"), who took it down from the Duc d'Alberg's own lips. According to this version, as the emissary (Vitrolles) would have to traverse both armies, he refused to carry writing, which Talleyrand and D'Alberg were equally reluctant to give. He simply requested a *mot d'ordre*, which would show that he was duly accredited by them. "You have only," said D'Alberg, "to ask for the Comte de Stadion, and utter these words, '*Madame — et vos deux contretemps.*' He will know that you come from me." The allusion was to a singular affair of gallantry known only to the comte and the duc.

M. Louis Blanc says that the Duc d'Alberg and the Comte de Stadion had been connected by ties of tenderness with two young girls at Munich whose names were recollected by the duc. These he wrote on a card which served as letters of credit to the adventurous ambassador. "*Voilà de quelle sorte il plaît à Dieu de disposer du sort des peuples.*"*

M. Thiers, who writes on the authority of Vitrolles, whom he knew personally and whose unpublished memoirs he had read, substantially confirms Buchon:

There was only one man who could ensure the reception of an individual who should come in his name, that was M. de Talleyrand. But never would he have entrusted to any one whatever a positive proof of his action against the established government; and he refused to send anything beyond sound advice which should be orally communicated to the sovereigns and the ministers of the coalition. M. d'Alberg, who did not spare himself when he

* "*Histoire de Dix Ans.*" Introduction. This is just the sort of historical puzzle about which Mr. Charles Greville might have been expected to know something. He obviously knew nothing. His version is improbable and utterly untenable on the face of it.

"January 22nd, 1820. — Just before the advance of the allied army on Paris a council of war was held, when it was unanimously resolved to retreat. The emperor of Russia entered the room, and said he had reasons for advancing, and ordered the advance; the generals remonstrated, but the emperor was determined. Woronzoff told Sydenham that that day a courier arrived at his outposts with a letter for the emperor in the handwriting of Talleyrand. This was told me by Frederick Ponsonby."

could make a step towards his end, supplied what M. de Talleyrand left wanting. German by origin, he had been very intimate with M. de Stadion at Vienna: he furnished M. de Vitrolles with some tokens of recognition sufficient to convey the certitude that the bearer came from him.

After a most interesting account of the events which immediately proceeded the abdication at Fontainebleau, M. de Ségur exclaims:—

What can I add? Grand army, empire, emperor,—there is an end of all of them. This genius which supported me has departed with Napoleon. Arrived at that fatal termination of so much greatness, I feel that my literary life is closed like our military life, that history is now wanting to the historian as war was then wanting to the warrior.

His literary life was far from closed, and history was not wanting to the historian. He soon resumed his pen, and found materials for valuable additions to his reminiscences. But we are compelled to act like the genius which parted company with him when he parted company with his emperor.

In giving more—more both new and true—about Napoleon, we have proceeded upon a conviction that we can hardly have too much. He fills so great a space in the history of the world, he exercised so extraordinary and so sustained an influence on the very framework of society, he wrought so many changes, he left his mark on so many institutions, civil, military and political, that the slightest trait or illustration of him has a value and an interest of its own; the more especially because men's minds are not yet definitely made up about him, are still wavering between the rival and conflicting estimates of M. Lanfrey and M. Thiers.

Our readers will judge for themselves, but we do not think that M. de Ségur's tribute to the memory of Napoleon will essentially vary the sentence which the right-minded portion of posterity, the lovers of truth, justice and free government, must pass upon him. He is shown to have had winning manners when it suited him; to have yielded to kindly or generous impulses when they cost him neither power nor glory, in other words, nothing that he really cared about. But his capacity for self-sacrifice and magnanimity stopped there. His sensibility was little more than an exaggeration of that which led Sterne to weep over a dead donkey and neglect a dying mother; and his good qualities did more harm

than good in the long run, by helping to gloss over the detestable nature of his policy, and by withdrawing attention from the crimes and vices, especially his insensibility to human suffering on a large scale, which have given him a bad pre-eminence amongst the worst scourges of our race. Any apotheosis of Napoleon must resemble that of Hoche (in Gillray's cartoon), who ascends to heaven amidst emblems of cruelty and violence, from an earth of burning towns, devastated plains, and battle-fields heaped with the dying and the dead. To invoke the image of the exile of St. Helena is to invoke along with it a succession of images, like the night-scene in Richard III., when the ghost of victim after victim utters a malediction and passes on. As regards the portrait which M. de Ségur has placed before us, we are at first sight attracted and to a certain degree misled by it. But on a careful study, the features seem out of keeping with the gentler feelings: the expression repels sympathy: falsehood and treachery lurk beneath the smile; and the gaze becomes riveted on the cold, smooth, severe, inflexible brow, with the indelible stain of blood traced on it.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
NAN.

A SUMMER SCENE.

THE London season being at its height, with all its turmoil and its witchery, can any one spare a moment to notice a sad little face peeping out of the window of a railway cab just driving into Paddington station?

The cab draws up at the end of a long line of cabs, and the footman outside jumps down to open the door.

Out steps Nan, bag and parasol in one hand, purse in the other; and very grave indeed she looks as she solemnly inquires the fare, and marches into the station, followed by Thomas.

Can this shabby little creature be the butterfly who but yesterday fluttered and spread her wings among the gay crowds, gayest of all herself, full of busy idleness, bewildered enchantment, ecstasies of bliss and woe? Ah! poor child, her day was a short one, and now it is over.

It is hard to pass the pleasure-loving stream and go against it.

To remember that a few hours before, she had felt herself—she, even she,

child, sprite, insignificant drop in the bucket as she really was — to have been for the time transformed into a princess in fairyland, with all sorts of dreams, and fancies, and possibilities hovering over her; and then suddenly to wake and find herself shaken up into a little red-haired girl going away in a hack-cab.

Nan is dowdy, too, in her travelling-costume. It is the same in which she came up to town six weeks before, and very neat and becoming she thought it then; but six weeks of fresh muslins, her new silk, and incessant smartness, have made the old grey seem dim.

And then the heat of this June day!

The finest and softest of white dresses abound in the park, and fans flutter, and parasols sway gracefully backwards and forwards. On her way to the station, Nan has passed carriage after carriage turning in thither, probably passing through, to return to the great rendezvous an hour later, when she will be many miles away.

Then when evening comes, she knows that her aunt and cousins will be preparing for that delightful party to which she, too, had been invited, and to which she might have so easily gone, if only the Wyatts had fixed Friday instead of Thursday for her coming to them.

This visit has been twice postponed already, and Aunt Eliza, smiling, but serious, thinks it will hardly do again.

Nan submits to her fate.

She thinks Mr. Lefevre will be a little disappointed, and Captain Neville a little more still; but I cannot say that she has anything beyond the smallest and most complacent of regrets for her forlorn partners.

She does not like leaving Queen's Gate, however. *That* is quite another thing.

This visit is the point towards which all her lines have converged for the last eight or ten months.

It was projected in the autumn; and given up, taken back into favour, thrown out and reconsidered at least half-a-dozen times before the great decision was arrived at.

For it is a long way from the stony hills of Westmoreland to the metropolis; and girls like Nan Church, whose life goes round and round as if it were turned by one of those long-suffering horses in the old farmyards, think a great deal more of a single day's journey, than some of our more delicate and fashionable

young madams do of a voyage round the world.

What preparation it takes! What forebodings on the part of granny does it occasion! What timid exultant dreams on the part of Nan does it give rise to!

Hours and hours have the two spent together with only old Trueman as coadjutor, contriving that wonderful wardrobe. The fashion-book has worn itself to death in their service. The maids sit at their seams in the work-room unceasingly. And when the climax is at length attained, is it not seemly in their eyes, cunning in its devices, heroic in its concealments? What though it might — it probably would — have made Worth shudder and sicken?

Does Nan forget these days? No, and she never will.

Many and many a time in the midst of her vortex they rise before her, and her heart gives a little tender ache for the foolish things, feeling as if somehow she does them a wrong in that they have grown to look odd and plain, and all but unwearable.

They are not needed, either.

Aunt Eliza gives her dresses and bonnets; and the silk that granny had fondly hoped might be made up by her cousin's maid, is returned gorgeous from a West End dressmaker; but for all that, the child's heart has never grown hard and cruel to the old things, and when the last day comes she bravely dons the sober grey with its plaintive tints, and betakes herself off in the cab, much the same little Nan Church to all intents, as when she hugged and kissed dear granny before all the carriages at Tebay Junction.

Ah, well! her great visit is over.

There only remains her fortnight at the Wyatts, and with this she would find dispense.

It is years since she saw her cousins, and who can tell what sort of young maidens Edie and Detty may have blossomed into, in the interval!

The Honourable Edith and Henrietta Wyatt, are not in town this season.

When their mourning for the old uncle who left Dick all his money was over, it was too late in the year, and Lady Wyatt has not been well. Lord Wyatt goes up and down; Dick has been away since Christmas; Walter at Christchurch was glad to have his Easter at home, and Dolly at Eton has no voice in the matter.

Accordingly they are all at Wyatt Hall, and Nan wishes they were anywhere else.

To begin with, she is afraid of going. Aunt Eliza demands why?

She is afraid of Lady Wyatt.

A more groundless fear never existed in the bosom of a Caffre.

She is afraid of Lord Wyatt.

More groundless still, and more idiotic.

She is afraid of the girls, of Dick, of Walter, of Dolly, who is up to her shoulder; afraid of the house, afraid of the servants. This is what she would like to say, but dares not, to Aunt Eliza.

So she stops abruptly at the fear of Lord Wyatt.

Of her own uncle!

(Aunt Eliza is Nan's aunt on the other side, and is rather proud of having a niece who can call a peer of the realm her own uncle.)

Yes. He may be her uncle or not, but she is afraid of him.

To this she sticks so fast, that Aunt Eliza deigns to expostulate.

Nan is foolish, unreasonable, unrelation-like, if there is such a term, altogether fanciful and absurd. Come, she must not be silly, but above all, silly or not, she must not *show* that she is.

Accordingly Nan goes off, doing her best to keep her quakings hidden.

She is dull and sad, and very shy.

Queen's Gate had grown familiar, and the happiness she had felt there suddenly assumes gigantic proportions in the retrospect.

She cannot think of anything but the past, and as Thomas hands her her ticket, with his soft assurance that all is right, she is conscious of a faint melancholy disinclination to going anywhere but back with him. For is he not even now bound for the enchanted ground again? Are not balls, *fêtes*, flower-shows still abundantly in store for him, and does not he look impatient to be off?

The poor outcast will soon be deserted by her last friend. She sees the white stockings go farther and farther, and grow smaller and smaller, then suddenly go out like the distant speck of a light-house, and once more the shock of being only a little red-haired girl instead of a fairy princess, comes over Nan.

By this time she is seated in the dusky blue oven, indicated to her as a first class.

She looks daintily round upon the cushions. Dust everywhere, invincible, inevitable.

The little lady takes out a thick green veil, and proceeds to envelope herself in its folds. Granny had tied it round Nan's head when the parting came, for, "My dear," says the old lady, "it will keep you tidy."

Not for worlds would she hint, what she nevertheless believes to be the case, that there is not a skin like her darling's in Westmoreland.

Aunt Eliza and Laura Church, however, have not been so reticent, and Nan has learnt to know that the green veil may have other uses than to keep her tidy.

She is anxious about her first appearance at the Wyatts.

Not very anxious, chiefly caring because of the impression it will produce at Queen's Gate.

Will any one meet her at the station? Hum! She changes her gloves.

Is her neck-tie smooth? Pulls out the bows.

Gets nervous. Begins to dread the arrival more than ever.

After an hour the London life has grown dimmer, and Wyatt Hall stands out prominently in her mind's eye.

The train slackens speed. She wildly tears off the veil, gives her hat a lurch on one side, and a hair-pin falls into her lap.

She doubles up the veil, stuffs it into her pocket, whence a long green string protrudes, frantically settles the hat, bursts her glove, and has hard work to be sitting quite calm and composed when the train draws up.

Calmness and composure thrown away; no carriage, cart, or wheel-barrow belonging to the Wyatts is at the station.

Nan gets out unassisted, feeling severely that her days of princess-ship are over; and she has redeemed her box, and the train is off again ere any one asks whither she is going.

Suddenly she is taken hold of, in the midst of a crowd of laughing voices.

Edie, Detty, Miss Blisset, and one or two children all together explaining, welcoming, apologizing, sorry for their fault, and declaring it was not their fault, in a breath.

The little traveller is bewildered, and very meek.

A servant seizes her trunk, her shawl is drawn from her arm, and her bag is about to follow, but to this she clings.

"Now, you are ready," says her eldest cousin. "It is so nice that you are really come at last, Nan. We thought you were going to put us off altogether."

"People never keep country engagements," cheerfully suggests the bright-eyed Dettie, on her other side. "And you must have hated leaving town just now. But, you know, we did want to see you again so very much."

Nan tries to murmur some reply, but she is guiltily conscious that the desire has not been reciprocal.

How kind they are, these unknown relations! How foolish of her to have minded putting on the old grey dress, when they are in brown holland, and wear the most ancient of garden gloves!

Yet how nice they look! Edith, a slim, gracious maiden, not a hair of whose little orderly head is turned the wrong way; Dettie, frizzle-pated, sparkling. Both so kind, gentle, and full of soft lively prattle, that she cannot choose but be at her ease with them.

They ask if she is fond of riding? She may be, but it is an undeveloped affection.

Driving? also latent.

How charming! Edith will drive her, Dettie will teach her to ride.

They will have matches at croquet and archery.

They will do this and do that. Nan begins to laugh and look forward.

"You must try not to find us dull," says Edith. "Some people are coming here to-morrow, and Dick comes to-night. Then by-and-by there is going to be a ball at one of our neighbours. I am so glad you will come in for the ball, Nan."

This is said as they are alighting, and Nan is doing her best not to show anew her quakings at the notion of a formal entry.

In a moment they are dispelled, Dettie is at her side, saying, "Come to the schoolroom first, dear, and have tea. Mother is in her room; you need not see her till dinner-time. Miss Blisset gives us tea in the schoolroom just now."

Miss Blisset, the rosy, jolly soul of good-nature, whose daily excitement it is to preside at this entertainment, politely begs Miss Church will take off her things first, if she feels inclined. Is Miss Church tired?

Dirty is more properly the word, and Nan owns she is dirty, but will have her tea first.

So she sits down, and drinking the hot liquid after her drive and her journey, gets a red nose, and is conscious that she is looking her worst.

"I thought Nan had been pretty," begins Edith, when the toilet separation

had taken place, "but I don't know that she is. She looked so pretty at first."

"She has a good figure at any rate."

"I like her."

"So do I."

"Edie, do you think she will have a dress for the ball?"

"Oh yes, of course, dozens."

"Not if she has exhausted them all, you know."

"Well, if she has, there is plenty of time to get another, or an old one could be refreshed. That was why I mentioned it, and I will take care to say more about it to-night."

"Edie, I suppose we must be in white to-night."

"Why to-night? The blue *bâtistes* will do very well."

"You know Dick likes white, and he does not care for blue."

"Oh, Dick! Yes. I suppose we must. I wonder if Dick will be good to Nan."

"He will never notice her."

Nan comes down to the drawing-room a different creature. The red nose has disappeared, and a pair of shell-pink cheeks have come in its stead.

Edith looks at her cousin in wonder. Lady Wyatt makes the kindest and most unmeaning of speeches. Lord Wyatt follows suit, and then to Nan's amazement she discovers that the room is full of people.

The girls had let her infer that they were alone. They had spoken of people who were coming the next day, but had never mentioned any being with them at the time. Then who is this old gentleman in the corner, and his counterpart on the rug? Who is that on the sofa? Who followed her into the room?

Dettie laughs at Nan, for this sort of people are always there. "We did not think of telling you," she says. "We forget them. We call ourselves alone to-night."

From which Nan infers that there are two ideas of solitude.

After dinner the cousins go out of doors, and grow confidential walking up and down the gravel paths.

Nan knows she has on her embroidered slippers, and would fain keep on the grass, but feels rather ashamed of thinking of such a thing, for there is something about the Wyatts, simply attired as they are, that shows they have never in their lives thought about economy.

Edith, in her thin kid shoes, is at this moment walking sedately along a pebbly path, discoursing upon coming guests.

"First, Nan, there is Dick's friend, Lord Hefton. He is younger than Dick, but they were at Christchurch together. He is the most good-natured man, and never in time for anything. *Everybody* likes him. Then there are the Bushes. Sir John is just Sir John; there is nothing about him the least different from every other Sir John in England. Lady Bushe is rather nice. She is very tall and thin, and you think at first that she is going to be a dreadfully precise person, and of all people in the world she is the very least. She does just what Augusta tells her. Oh! I wonder how you will like Augusta!"

"Who is Augusta? Their daughter?"

"No; niece. She is a very fine lady now. She does not often condescend to come and see us; but she has overdone herself in London, and they are coming for ten days to recruit. We used to know them intimately, and always called her, 'Gus;' but now she does not like that. She says Augusta is a heavenly name."

Nan laughs.

"But, you know, in many ways she is very nice, and she is really very pretty, and she dresses beautifully."

"But you don't care for her, Edie."

"Yes, I do—in a way. She is always very kind to us, and gives us such lovely presents. Look, this locket I have on she gave me on my last birthday. She is always sending Detty and me things she has worked, or little sketches of places hereabouts—and she does draw so beautifully—and she sings too. I daresay you will like her immensely."

"And who are the others?"

"Mr. Dallie is one, and Dick's friend, Mr. Burnand."

The faintest possible change in Edith's voice makes Nan wait for more.

"Mr. Dallie is delightful."

"Oh!"

"He will do whatever you tell him, and you can order him about just as you like. And he makes bouquets, and gets up charades, and games, and anything you want done. And he helps you so with dull people, if it is a wet day. He is always in request wherever he goes, for he can do everything."

"And Mr. Burnand?"

"Oh, he! He can't do anything. He is a *great* friend of Dick's."

"Is Dick coming with him?"

"No; Mr. Burnand comes to-morrow—Dick will be here to-night."

"Oho! it's Mr. Burnand, is it?" swiftly concludes the shrewd little cousin. "I wonder if I should be asked to be a bridesmaid?"

Unconscious Edith steps serenely on, and Detty comes to call them indoors.

Music is wanted, and accordingly music, such as it is, is given; and then the sisters conduct their visitor to a delightful solitude opening out of the gallery, where, if inclined, they are at liberty to take refuge from the drawing-room society.

"And so we come here whenever they get *too* humdrum," whispers naughty Detty; "and whenever we have our own friends, they like it too. Mr. Burnand always comes, doesn't he, Edith?"

Edie and Detty are getting charmed with their cousin; it seems as if they had really known her for years, and only needed bringing together to reveal all that past knowledge.

Time passes. "I wonder when Dick will be here," observes Edith, for the twentieth time.

"Perhaps he has gone off somewhere else, as he did last time," suggests her sister.

"Of course he will come, Detty, when he has asked Mr. Burnand."

Detty smiles, Nan laughs outright.

"Oh," cried the poor thing, in dire confusion, "how nice this recess is!"

Very nice, but not in the least laughable; and Edith's cheeks burn.

"How long is it since Dick was here last, Edith?"

This from Detty, in a good-natured attempt to turn off the awkwardness.

"Why, does he not *live* here?" demands their cousin.

Oh, dear, no. It appears that Dick is very seldom there. He is in France, Italy, Germany, India, Hongkong, anywhere and everywhere but at home. However, he is older now, and papa thinks he is settling down.

Oh, he is a great deal older than they are—he is over thirty. Isn't it a dreadful age? He hardly seems like their brother at all.

It is clear to Nan that they are greatly in awe of Dick. She has suggested, do they ever go about the world with him? They are quite amused. How could they? He does not want them; he would not know what to do with them. Oh yes, he is as kind as he can be, only he seems so much older.

Nan will not like Dick, she feels sure. Why is he coming home just when she is

there? She wishes he would keep away. He must be something quite different from soft, spooney William Church, who was always so polite, escorting them all from place to place, and taking as much interest in his mother's parties as she did herself.

She did not very much care for William, but his kindness had won her gratitude.

As for this Dick, she is afraid of him, and knows he will despise her.

The sisters, too, defer to his opinion quite absurdly.

Dick's likings, Dick's aversions, Dick's friends, and Dick's fancies, are the main topic of their conversation.

They are glad that her dress is white. Dick likes white.

How pretty her locket is! Dick likes pearls.

Bother Dick!

It is getting late now, and the carriage has been gone to the station over an hour.

Out comes Lord Wyatt, and looks from the window.

"Dick ought to be here."

Five minutes pass. Out toddles Lady Wyatt.

"Dick ought to be here."

Up comes the butler.

"Mr. Wyatt should be here, my lord."

"Here he is!" cries my lord, and rushes to the hall-door.

Nan rises involuntarily.

"Oh, he will come to us," observes Edith, drawing up her long neck, and looking quite shy.

Detty glances at herself in the mirror, and tucks in a stray lock of hair.

Voices are heard in the ante-room, and steps drawing nearer.

Lady Wyatt rustles forward and clasps to her bosom a breadth of smoked shooting-cloth, exclaiming, "My dearest Dick!"

"I'm wet, mother; take care."

Dick is cool, but kind.

"Wet, my dear boy? So you are. How did you get wet in the carriage?"

"I came outside. There has been a shower."

Then Dick comes up to the girls, who are demurely kissed by him, and finally he says to his cousin, "How do you do?" in a polite, quiet voice.

Nan is surprised, pleased, and disappointed all at once.

This is no hero, to be sure; no elegant, accomplished, travelled, soul-charming youth, such as she had been led

to expect; but, on the other hand, there is nothing of the sneering, despising, haw-haw deity about her cousin.

"So this is Dick," she reflects. "What an ugly fellow!"

Dick's hair is a coarse rusty black, cut close to his head. He has a red, rough skin, a burnt neck, no particular eyes, and a nose that has run off the rails altogether.

But, on the other hand, he has a good, set, determined mouth, and the sweetest smile ever seen.

When Mr. Burnand comes, Nan sees a really handsome man, but they have not been two days in the house before she discovers that she likes ugly faces best.

What is there about Dick that makes people like him?

He seldom comes near his sisters, who are stiff and stupid in his presence, and adore him from afar.

Yet when he does come—ah, well, it is the old thing over again with our poor little Nan.

Edith drives her in the pony-carriage; but the thoughts of both are elsewhere. She and Detty play croquet, and Detty wins every game.

Then there is this Augusta.

Miss Bushe is, as Edith said, a very fine lady, but Nan declines to be put down by her for all that; and what is more, Augusta in her secret heart is jealous of the bright, popular, merry-hearted girl.

All Nan's regrets and remembrances of Queen's Gate, are blotted out now.

The present week, day, hour, is everything. Laura Church's letter, with the long accounts of gaieties for which Nan had begged, and which it had really cost an effort of good-nature to write—that very letter lies half read in her drawer. Some day she will wade through it,—not now.

Dick was talking to her when the post came in, and the letter drove him away, you see. She has a spite against it.

Not a word, look, nor outward sign of mischief done, does the tough little creature give. Disgraced she may be in her own eyes, but it is something to know that she is unsuspected. Her secret is her own. Hide it, cover it up, bury it well, little girl; other hearts than yours have done the like in their day.

Dick is not behaving well, however. It is not for nothing that those grey wistful eyes watch the empty chairs at the breakfast or the luncheon table.

Several times he has gone over to sit beside her, whether intentionally or not she cannot guess; but they talk together all the time, and she is quite at her ease with him.

This says nothing, of course, but Dick has no need to follow them out afterwards, and walk up and down with his cousin, till he makes her late for their drive, and draws forth a remark on it from Augusta Bushe.

And then that delightful long Sunday evening, when he sat with them all in the recess talking over old times, and retailing childish stories, which Edith and Detty had forgotten. He is by Nan's side, so perhaps that is why he speaks principally to her. Next morning he goes away to the other end of the breakfast-table, and never utters a word.

To his own friends he is devoted. They go about together all day long, four neutral-tinted figures.

Now and then little Lord Hefton condescends to lie on the croquet-ground in the heat of the day, and Pax Burnand contrives to slip in to the schoolroom tea afterwards; but Dick, if he comes at all, takes his cup standing, and then goes off, perchance, to romp with his little sisters.

He does this one day at least, and it is on the only day that Nan had been let off. She is very good to the little ones, who torment her sadly, and all unconsciously. For who so good as Nan at all their games, and who can tell them wild and wonderful tales like hers? That very morning, she had spent an hour in blowing paper ladies across the table for Flo. Dick had come in, and for a few seconds she fondly hoped he meant to stay; but he had only looked, laughed, and lounged out again.

Then what follows this very evening?

He comes out to Nan, who is sitting lonely and forlorn in the recess, brings his photograph book, and shows her the whole collection.

Nan finds them charming, and Dick is pleased to explain to such an enthusiastic listener. He has some more up-stairs, and goes in search of them.

While he is away, Augusta comes out.

Of course, Miss Bushe would like to see the beautiful photographs. Mr. Wyatt accordingly hands her the book they have just gone through, and proceeds to show Nan the new ones.

This is too much, and not at all what the intruder bargained for.

She looks at two, and flounces back into the drawing-room.

It gets too dark to see, so Dick promises to keep the rest for to-morrow. He and Nan are talking together, with one lying on her lap. By-and-by the drawing-room door opens, and a shower of people emerge. They are going out of doors to get cool. "But we sha'n't interrupt you," says Augusta, graciously.

The girls put on shawls.

"You don't need one," says Dick, rising; and Nan finds herself walking off alone with him.

It is too bad of Dick.

All that night the child thinks or dreams of him. She cannot forget the look he gave her for "Good-night," nor help wondering if it meant anything like Edith's audible murmur, "How pretty Nan looks to-night!"

Tossing up and down, over and over, in the short, light, midsummer night that follows, these words ding-dong in her ears.

She does not wonder at the sisters now, for what Dick thinks is still more to her than to them.

Recklessly she puts on her best dresses, anxiously she stares in the glass.

Nothing much to boast of, the morning after that dusky ramble. Large bright eyes, and cheeks burning with a feverish flush, these are what she sees, but what of that? They cannot betray her, and very, very quietly the slight graceful figure glides in, and very, very circumspect is Nan in her questions and answers that morning.

It is one of the hottest days in the year, and she is in white, with a rose in her bosom.

Dick looks at it, walks over, and sits down beside her.

It is so hot that the expedition to the ruins has been nearly given up, and would have been so, without doubt, if the Dents had not agreed to be there.

The Dents will drive, the Wyatts will row up the river.

Nan held her breath while the discussion was being held, she was very much afraid that Lady Wyatt would carry her point.

Lady Wyatt thinks the girls will tire themselves out, and that the picnic is a foolish affair.

But Nan thinks otherwise; and accordingly the extravagant little creature goes in her white frock, and gets it all dirty and trodden upon, and does not care in the least—or rather rejoices in her ruins—since Dick takes out his own breast-pin and fastens up the folds himself.

A fine hole that pin will make, but she is reckless.

It is a happy day.

Dick is lazy, and refuses to row; so little Lord Hefton and the amphibiously accomplished Dallie, assisted by one of the nondescripts and a gardener's lad do the work.

Dick steers and lies back, asking Nan to hold her parasol over his sun-burned face. "The sun," he says, "is in his eyes."

Nan allows him all she can, but is a little anxious about freckles herself. Miss Bushe volunteers the shelter of her large sunshade.

"No, thanks," says Dick; "this will do."

Pax Burnand has gone off in the small boat with the eldest Miss Wyatt; and from the schoolroom window Miss Blisset watched their departure, communing with herself as to all it would lead to. Edith fills her thoughts; she has no eyes for Nan; and well for Nan that she has not.

In the big boat they are very merry.

Augusta favours them with her celebrated river song, to which Mr. Dallie throws in a neat second.

It sounds charming on the water, as music always does, and Miss Bushe is much applauded. At the close she addresses her neighbour, graciously, "Don't you sing at all, Miss Church?"

Nan starts, and blushes furiously. Where have her thoughts been wandering? Dick looks at her, and smiles. He has got into a way of looking at Nan and smiling lately. Perhaps he is beginning to like her.

"Pray, Miss Bushe, give us another," implores little Hefton; "that last one was so awfully jolly!" *N.B.* — He takes the opportunity of letting his oar dip impotently in the water in exact time with the rest.

Dallie continues to sing and row lustily.

He is determined not to seem as if, when singing, he is unable to row, or when rowing, he cannot sing. Little Hefton, behind his back, is grinning from ear to ear; while Dick pulls the strings, and keeps the boat even, conniving at his iniquity without a twinge of conscience.

When they land, Dallie is rather puffed; but, true to himself, he is the first to jump ashore, and has a hand for every lady and a caution for every pretty one.

"Don't get out yet, Nan," says Dick. "I'll take you over for those forget-me-nots while they are getting luncheon."

So he takes her over; and the Dents, who have been on the spot for some time, and are busily making preparations, are a little disgusted at the coolness of Mr. Wyatt.

It had been alleged that Dick had come down for their ball on the morrow, — that ball of which Edith had told her cousin.

Dick is not a ball-going man, and the Dents had taken it as a compliment.

Who is that with him in the boat? And is she coming to the ball?

Yes, Edith assures them of that. Their cousin has the offer of an escort back to Westmoreland on Friday, but she is to be at the ball.

Miss Dent would as soon that the escort had been for Thursday. The two voices on the river sound pleasantly together.

Are they never coming back?

Luncheon is waiting, and Dallie volunteers to roar a summons, putting his hands together as a trumpet.

He does it once, twice, thrice, thinking he never had such difficulty in making people hear in his life.

A happy thought strikes little Hefton.

Just as Nan is stepping off the ledge into the boat, a large stone splashes into the water a couple of yards from her.

"Oh, I say!" ejaculates Hefton, catching his breath, "that was *rather* a close shave!"

Nan is easily startled. She loses her balance, and would infallibly fall into the water if Dick had not hold of her hand.

He hauls her ungracefully into the boat, and then turns upon his friend, black with wrath.

Nan says not a word, but looks pale. Dick stops short in his scolding, and bends over her. "You were not frightened, Nan?"

"Oh, no."

"It was one of that Hefton's baby tricks. He is the greatest fool!" explains Dick, who in his heart loves Hefton a thousand times more than Pax Burnand, Dallie, or any one of his other mates, whatever his sisters may say.

"Awfully sorry!" in a violent halloo from the other side.

"Ought to be." Low growl in the boat.

Hefton is at the landing-place to help Nan out.

Dick turns the boat up the stream, and keeps him marching by the side for a couple of hundred yards. Nan's blue forget-me-nots drip on her white frock, and she knows that it is bunched up behind with Dick's breast-pin in a most inelegant fashion, but she is quite happy.

At luncheon she sits a little in the background.

Dick is obliged to take the host's part, and unwillingly exerts himself, ordering Dallie hither and thither, who would be a far more competent head of affairs than he himself.

Little Hefton sits down upon a tray of glasses, and Dick's grave face explodes in a huge laugh.

There is a great drawing of corks, and changing of plates, and clatter and fuss, and no one notices that two or three of the party are very quiet.

"We hardly expected to see you at our ball, Richard," says old Mother Dent, shining with good-nature and champagne. "We feel honoured."

Dick hands her cake.

"You never were a dancer, we know," says she.

Nan's face falls. Not dance with Dick! Then she might just as well be back in Westmoreland, — at any rate, be as well away from the ball.

Dick tacitly acquiesces.

"You don't want dancers, Mrs. Dent."

"We shall be glad to see you, at all events."

"Thanks."

"We have been in such trouble about the tent," Miss Dent privately informs the girls. "It gave way twice, and we did not dare to let mamma know. If any of you are nervous people, you had better not go into it."

None of them are nervous, but nevertheless there is an inquiry as to where the dancing is to be?

"In the saloon. We thought it best, you know, in case of accidents. Supper will be in the tent, now; and we have got mamma to let it be opened at eleven as it will be such a charming place for people to go out and in, and get cool in between the dances. Papa has had lights hung in the shrubbery, so you can meander there as much as you like, my dear." This aside, to Edith.

"Mr. Wyatt," says Augusta, softly, "would you mind giving me out my shawl? I think the grass *may* be a little damp."

The ground is as hard as a flint; but what then? One must have some excuse.

Dick spreads the shawl.

"And now sit down for a minute yourself, and tell me about your mother," says Mrs. Dent, good-naturedly, fanning herself. "Here, between Miss Bushe and me. We will take care of you."

Dick sits down.

What is to be done next? He hates this sort of thing. He has no idea what is expected of him. So follows a quarter of an hour's dreary conversation, questions and answers.

Little Hefton has lit his cigar and moved off. Dick looks, longs, and bolts after him.

Burnand, Dallie, and young Dent entertain the girls, and Nan's blue forget-me-nots fade and droop in her lap.

Young Dent attaches himself to the second Miss Wyatt — for he is still at Oxford, and must have somebody. He has a great deal to say about Walter, and is very full of cricket and Scotland, whither he is going to read and fish in the autumn.

He assures them all repeatedly that Walter will be down for the ball — an interesting fact, no doubt, but easily apprehended. Walter loves balls as much as his brother hates them.

There are fellows coming with him, too, Edwin says, and he describes the fellows at some length, evidently feeling that the ball had been got up specially for their edification.

Edith is very gushing, and is sure that everybody will enjoy themselves immensely. Dettie thinks Edwin Dent improved, and responds merrily to his rattle; but poor Augusta and Georgie Dent, both rather forlorn and cross, have only each other to fall back upon, when the brisk Dallie has departed to overlook arrangements.

Augusta admires the other young lady's costume; and what is Georgie going to wear at the ball?

"Pink."

"Oh, pink! Anything else?"

"Well, half-a-dozen shades, but still all pink."

"And you look so well in pink!" cries Miss Bushe.

"*You* do, at all events, dear. What do you wear?"

"Really, I hardly know. I have several pretty things. Elise sent me a lovely combination last week; but it is almost too fine for me, with my simple tastes. I can't bear to be over-dressed."

"Oh, do wear it — there's a good girl. I don't believe it is a bit too fine. Make

yourself as charming as you can ; I like to see people look nice."

Then Miss Dent draws closer. "Who is that girl with the Wyatts?"

"Hush! Take care! A cousin."

"On which side?"

"Mother — Lord Wyatt's sister."

"Oh!"

A pause.

"Does she often come here? I never met her before."

"No. This is her first appearance."

(Lower.) "A nasty little thing!"

Uproarious mirth from Edwin and Detty.

They have got foxgloves, and are cracking them for each other, telling their fortunes.

Pax Burnard goes over to Edith with a stalk, but nobody thinks of telling Nan's, though she is sitting silent, with her heart aching to know it.

At length the day grows cooler, and the recreants return.

Georgie Dent and Augusta are not quite such friends as before.

There are anxious thoughts in the breasts of several about the manner of their return home; for the Dents have brought their barouche, and as their homeward road passes Wyatt Hall, it is agreed that the two parties shall intermingle, and some who drove before will return in the boat.

Who, then, are to fill their places?

The elders are already seating themselves within the ample comfortable front seat. Mrs. Dent taking more than her share, Lady Bushe less.

Sir John offers the opposite side all round, and finally gets in himself.

A small Dent is sadly forced in beside him. The poor child had come in the dickey behind with Edwin, but no such luck is in store for her going back.

Edwin is off to the river, and two of the Wyatt satellites have filled the dickey.

No, one has dismounted again, preferring the seat beside the coachman; for there is more room there, and he is fat.

There is still a seat to dispose of.

"Any of you like to drive?" It is Dick who is speaking.

A wretched silence.

"Perhaps Miss Church —" suggests Augusta Bushe.

Nan's grey eyes flash.

Yes, she will go. She steps hurriedly forward.

Oh, dear! How she had been looking forward to that homeward row all through the long afternoon!

"You don't like it," says Dick.

"Oh, I don't mind. I can go very well."

"There is no need. All right, Parker. There's lots of room in the boat."

"Oh, we are not all going in that one boat!" screams Miss Georgie.

"Dear me! I should have gone if I had thought no one else wished it," announces Augusta.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to pack us all into that one boat!" from one of the old gentlemen.

"What a lark!" from Edwin.

Nan forms a swift resolution.

"I am going to walk," she says. "It is only four miles by the lanes, and I have often walked farther than that at home."

Everybody stares.

"A good idea," says Dick. "Some of us can walk, at any rate. Come along, Eddy."

But Eddy positively declines to come along. He is not out on a holiday for that. His flirtation with Detty is in full tide, and he has no idea of having it cut short in this way.

Besides, the fuller the boat, the better fun. They will be hours getting home.

Dick argues with him, and sneers at him; but has to give it up, and try Hefton.

Hefton would come, but has hurt his foot. Would really like the walk, etc. etc., but clearly does not intend to take it.

Every one knows that Hefton is the laziest little creature under the sun, so no one thinks of being angry with him.

Nan desperately appeals to the old gentleman who had expressed disapproval of their all being packed into one boat.

She feels as if, somehow or other, all this commotion is owing to some fault of hers. Augusta looks as if *she* thought so, certainly.

The old gentleman is quite a friend of Nan's. He was one of those in the house when she came, and she has often preferred talking with him to strangers; sometimes she has even, innocently enough, made a cat's paw of him. Surely he will stand her friend now. He is a retired colonel of the line, and she thinks ought to be able to march if he can do anything. Nan, you see, is not learned.

Will he walk with her?

The colonel brightens up, and thinks he would rather like it.

Every one brightens, and Augusta looks almost gracious.

Dick puts the strings into Miss Dent's hands, who cheerfully accepts them. She presumes he will row.

But what is this? They are off, and he is not in?

"Are you not coming?" cries Hefton, with a rueful visage. He is in front of Dallie now, and has no chance of a holiday, unless Dick is there to take his oar.

"I am going to walk," says Dick.

The boat is off, and he walks after Nan and the colonel.

Nan and the colonel are out of sight of the river before they know that they have a follower.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

VI.

DRESS AND AMUSEMENTS.

DRESS means something more than clothes, and these than covering. The fig-leaves of our first parents were but symbols, whereof the meaning is vastly more important than a mere superficial glance might suggest. Dress should, as far as is possible, translate to us the character of the wearer; it should bear about it some individuality, some mark of special identity, so that we feel the husk or hull is in harmony with the kernel.

Dress, to use a homely simile, should, like a *filet-de-bauf*, be neither overdone nor underdone; it should hit the happy medium. The dress of German ladies errs in both particulars; that of the morning leaves much to be desired, that of the afternoon offers much that might be dispensed with. Without plenty of money we cannot have rich dress, but we may, none the less, have all that is essential to comeliness and comfort. We are bound, to use a commercial phrase, to make our appearance "as good as we can for the money." With well-arranged hair, tidy shoes, mended gloves, and clean linen at her throat and wrists, no woman can look ill. A poor lady in a plain black gown, with no other than such simple adornments, but with that sense of freshness and care about her that should always accompany a woman's presence, may look as noble as—aye, and far nobler than—all the puppets of the "fashion-plates," or their more ambitious

sisterhood, decked in the pre-Raphaelite millinery of modern dilettante dress. A woman who respects herself and loves her husband will never be a dowd; she dare not be a slattern. Large means may be denied her, but cleanliness and care are always within her reach; and if, as has been somewhat hastily asserted, a woman's dress be the index of her mind, it behoves her all the more to see that it be well ordered, scrupulous, and not devoid of dignity.

In many a room where the furniture would not "bear daylight" from an art, or even from an auctioneer's, point of view, a happy fancy, a pot of flowers, a cozy corner, a blooming window-ledge, a book, a sketch, a glint of sunshine, a dash of colour, an atmosphere indefinable, that tells of a woman's presence and a woman's care, may cover all the multitudinous sins of the offending tables and chairs, and make us forget, or even, better still, forgive, the general shortcomings of the apartment.

We like to believe of beauty, that it would be as beautiful in the desert, for the sun and the sand and the sky, as it is in the ball-room, where, by one consent, it is crowned "belle." A German lady understands nothing of such wild theories; she does not even appreciate the "sweet civility" that lies in the fact of a woman coming to her husband's or father's breakfast-table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary, she issues from her bedroom in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what, in your haste, you will call a nightcap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *Morgenhaube*, and in the sense that the nightcap proper has been taken off, and replaced by a tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretensions to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed, and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin topknot, in the most uncompromising of dishabilles, the lady presides over the scene of sloppy slovenliness to which allusion has been made in a former chapter. If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognize the fairy vision of your dreams. The elaborate frisure, where great masses of hair lay piled, Juno-like, above the brow, or rippled in sunny curls lovingly over the uncovered shoulders; the sweeping silks, the charming coquetties, have all disappeared, *vice* a singularly unattractive and ungraceful style of apparel promoted. At first you will imagine you have stumbled

upon the housekeeper, who, suffering from dolorous tic, has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties and donned this surreptitious costume; but (fortunately for German women) hospitality, as we understand it—the hospitality of spare rooms, that is—is a thing unknown, and the occasions when a stranger can gaze upon the *Hausfrau déguisée en papillotes* are necessarily very restricted. There is only the husband, and the husband knows no better; he would be startled out of his ordinary phlegma should his wife appear “finished” at that early hour of the day, and would think that sudden frenzy had seized her for its own.

Many years ago, when Germany was as yet a *terra incognita* to me, I arrived late one evening at the gate of a grand ancestral *Schloss*. The ladies assembled were in all the gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls. It was too late to tear open trunks and take out a fresh toilet. Dust-defaced and travel-stained, I sat dejectedly amongst them, and slowly and sadly resigned myself to circumstances; but next morning I confessed that fate was not all unkind. “Good morning, my dear,” said my host; “but—but—you are mistaken; we do not expect the grand duke!” I certainly had made no preparation for royalty, and only a dim understanding of the drift of his words dawned upon me as I gazed round on the dazzling creatures of the night before, and found they had all disappeared into night-caps and dressing-gowns. What a falling-off was there!

Nevertheless, they were much displeased and thought it betokened an insular arrogance when I ventured to remark that, if the grand duke *had* come, I should have made no change in my dress. While they would have been scrambling out of their dressing-gowns and screaming for their maids, I should have been calmly contented in my clean holland gown; but that you should dare to receive in a cotton gown a person of elevated rank coming unawares upon you betokens, to the German female mind, an insensibility and an ignorance of the *bien-séances* that verges on criminal lunacy. You ought to show that you have “dressed” for the occasion. Any other behaviour is in their eyes, mean, republican, vulgar, and low, and quite inconsistent with those ideas of subjection in which every well-conducted German woman has been educated from her youth up. To be well dressed does not mean

to wear the clothing most appropriate to the occasion, but to have on your last new gown, with, if possible, twenty yards more trimming and six dozen more buttons than any one else has. In Germany women dress for the promenade, the coffee-party, the theatre, the public gardens. As a rule, they have no great means at their command; but with what they have they contrive to bring about as disastrous a result as their worst enemies could wish. They have no intuitions of the becoming; they have not even the feminine “instincts” of dress; the rudiments of it are as yet unknown to them. In second and third-rate towns one draper and two or three milliners will supply all the resident belles. The result is a distressing monotony in the apparel that prevades the streets. Now and again some bolder spirit will be visited with “inspiration” on the subject, but generally after such a fashion as will cause you to return thanks that there are so few prophetesses in the land. Such flights of fancy are rarely viewed by the weaker sisterhood with approbation, and ridicule is almost sure to overtake the wearer. Yet no one will annoy her in her native town. Her companions may covertly titter at her taste; intimate elbows be not too well bred to nudge each other in notes of reprobation as she passes by; one may jibe and another may jeer at the ill-assorted finery; but as every citizen, street-boy, artisan, and factory girl has known the wearer from her youth up, no palpable inconvenience will result from poor Jenny Wren’s little sumptuary experiments.

German dress has no originality and no *chic*. It is snatched wildly, right and left, from French fashion-books and English advertisements, and the result of this hybrid combination is, if judged by the canons of taste, little short of atrocious. Of an independent yet modest simplicity of dress; of the æsthetic treatment of such “hulls” as poor humanity is condemned to wear, of the harmony of well-chosen, low-toned tints; of unity of effect in the corresponding shades of gloves, parasol, and bonnet, or the judicious juxtaposition of dark and light; of a dash of colour on a sober background, the ordinary German woman knows nothing. She has not the courage to be plain if the *Mode Journal* says she is to be elaborate. Her clothes sin not even so much by ugliness as by inappropriateness.

The pathetic results of want of taste and judgment in this matter of dress are more particularly apparent in the case of

elderly German women. The hair once thick is now thin, the neck once round and white now coarse and red, the delicacy of feature and complexion a thing of the past; all is hard, used, prosaic. The Frenchwoman puffs her delicate grey hair into feathery curls, hides the hollows, and repairs the ravages of time with cascades of lace; graceful draperies soft as cobwebs set her face in a filmy framework, infinitely charming; soft, tender shades of colour approach the faded cheek without outraging it; and English elderly ladies follow, with more or less success, in the same judicious train; but the German woman shows her bald patches, her unattractive throat, her awkward figure, without disguise and without remorse. No cap covers the wisp of hair that out of an abundant *chevelure* is all that remains to her; there is neither grace nor dignity in her gown; coarse collars and crotchet frills tumble helplessly on her elderly shoulders, "What does it matter?" is plainly written in the general neglect of her appearance, which strikes one painfully, less as an absence of vanity than as a want of self-respect. Younger folk can perhaps afford to be careless, but an elderly woman should be scrupulous; she may even be a little elaborate as to her "setting" and no one will rise up and reproach her. It is sweet and pleasant to see that she is careful for others long after all personal vanity is extinct; that she arranges her *drapeau de vieille femme* gracefully and still adorns the world, with which she has almost done, by a gracious presence.

Perhaps in no country is dress so much talked of as in Germany, with so little result. Tartans of the most eccentric colours and arrangement are always *en vogue*. Let the fashion-books say they are modish, and they become the rage. They bear no resemblance to the clan-tartans with which we are all more or less familiar; they are lurid combinations of clashing colours, evolved out of the enterprising manufacturer's speculative brain, hideous and alarming to the unaccustomed eye. Let a woman be short, broad, and sandy; she will clothe herself triumphantly in a scarlet and yellow tartan, and yet expect to be thought in her right mind. Let her be tall and sallow, a disastrous green will check her angular person in dismal repetition from top to toe.

There are certain aspects of toilette in which the Englishwoman is allowed all over the Continent to be unapproachable.

Frenchwomen claim the precedence in their *toilettes de luxe, toilettes de ville, toilettes de bal*; but they concede to us the palm in the matter of travelling-cos-tume, in our hats and habits, in our umbrellas, walking-boots, and waterproofs. English travelling-costumes, quiet in colour, tasteful, simple, elegant, and modest; the snowy linen collars and cuffs, with their simple solid sleeve-links and throat-brooch, that set off the brunette's dark skin, and make the blonde more dazzling; the tidy felt or straw hat, which no weather can spoil or put out of shape; the neat umbrella, trimly furled; the light waterproof; the sensible boots, are all beginning to be imitated on the Continent; but as yet German ladies have not exactly appreciated the gist of the matter. To them such a dress is more or less of a masquerade; worn less for practical purposes than because it is "the fashion to wear it." They have never in their lives been accustomed to the rough outdoor exercise to which the most gently bred amongst us are used from childhood; to them the "constitutional" is only known through English novels; they do not set off for a long stretch across the moor, or to walk to the neighbouring town "for the sake of the exercise." Such muscular femininity is foreign to their lives; and the dress that makes this sort of outdoor activity independent of elemental combinations must necessarily be an unwonted garb to them. They will perhaps have adopted the tweed or homespun costume; but the material will be half cotton, and will shrink out of recognition in the first shower of rain; the hat will be there, but, instead of leaving it unadorned, and gracing its native felt at most with a flat, unspoilable ribbon and wing, it will be covered with a forest of feeble feathers, that the wind and the mist will cause to droop dejectedly, like weeping willows, around the face of the disconsolate wearer. A sense of the fitness of things will tell a woman "to the manner born" that Balmoral boots and a homespun gown demand stout linen collars and cuffs; but ruffles being "the fashion," the fair German plagiarist will carry tulle round her neck on a mountain tour, and, quite unconscious of incongruity, wear a huge Elizabethan frill, with a coarse woollen costume. The same malignant showers that have played havoc with her hat and gown will have sent all the starch out of her frills and furbelows, and made them fertile sources of dissatisfaction: the thin stuff boots

with sham holes, simulating good honest balmorals, are as useless as though she were shod with brown paper; mountains cannot be climbed nor tempests defied in such a costume; the whole thing will have turned out a delusion and a snare, and the temper of the disappointed traveller will suffer, certainly partial, probably total, eclipse.

"The thing that charmed me most in our Swiss tour," said a frank German gentleman to me, "was to see the freedom, the enjoyment of life, the fresh spirits of your English girls. They were ready at any hour of the morning, *fix und fertig*; they were everywhere; they had one waterproof gown in which they made all their expeditions; and their fathers and brothers seemed to find them no trouble. I liked to see their frank enjoyment. I liked their boots and stockings," cried the ingenuous gentleman in a rapture of enthusiasm; "they were so trim and tidy that it didn't matter though it rained cats and dogs and pitchforks downwards; they were ready for any weather and equal to all occasions."

Turning from such free open-air experiences to the closed doors of the early hours of the day in German home life, a striking contrast presents itself to us. During the forenoon, to such ladies as cannot indulge in the luxury of a maid, comes the *Friseurinn*—as the ridiculous Gallo-Germanic word conveys, the female hairdresser. These women are an abominable institution, to be reprehended on more counts than one. Enough that they encourage idleness and slovenliness in the matter of that glory which a woman has upon her head. Until that is "tired," the lady, to use a feminine phrase, "is not fit to be seen." The *Friseurinn*, like the barber of the comic operas, is a personage and a power; she knows all the tattle of the town and the scandal of the neighbourhood. Her very occupation gives her opportunities of gossip that make her dangerous and allow her to study at her ease the weaknesses and defects, moral and physical, of those ladies who are deluded enough to employ her. Under strict promises of secrecy she imparts her titbit of gossip, and benevolently helps further on the road of slander any detrimental *on dit* that she hears by the way. She packs up her dirty brushes and combs, mangy frizettes, greasy ribbons and sponges, and goes cheerfully her unclean way, bag in hand, leaving the lady free at last to cast

her cap and wrapper and appear dressed for the day.

The chrysalis has become a butterfly, able at length to breathe the outer air, and show its gorgeous hues to the outer world. On the promenade, where loungers most do congregate, the dilatory fair will probably meet many of her acquaintances; dashing officers returning from parade will at once gladden her eyes and enliven the scene. The culminating point of satisfaction will be reached should happy chance send the *hohe Herrschaft* home from their morning drive that way. It is pretty to see the flutter of devotion and excitement with which these loyal ladies turn right about face (*Fronte machen*), and sink to the ground in the billowy bliss of a curtsy that literally beams with beatitude. It is good to think that there is still such blind belief in the world. The man may be a Blue Beard of the deepest dye; he may lead a life scandalous to the beholder; he may have the cruelest opinion of women, and never forego a sneer at their expense; and yet, so be he the prince that reigns over them, these devoted ladies will be ready to grovel before him in ineffable rapture. No doubt there are rude persons in Germany as elsewhere, to whom a grand duke is no more than any other man; but "society" would be ready to stone that man or woman who should venture to declare, in the words of the most powerful sovereign that perhaps ever lived, that royalty is only entitled to respect in so far as it is "respectable."

German ladies will tell you that the nature of their domestic occupations makes the cap and dressing-gown necessary evils; that they could not go into the kitchen in anything that would spoil; that the cap protects the hair from dust, and preserves it from the smell of frying-pans; that the *Schlafröck* can be flung off at will, and with it all offensive odours and reminiscences. But, whilst prepared to allow that the life of the ordinary German woman is little better than that of an upper servant, and inclined rather to pity the misfortune than to blame the fault, we cannot concede the position. If there be in the world any kitchen where a lady may potter harmlessly, that surely is the German kitchen, with its clean hot plates, its well-washed brick floor, and total absence of dust or soot. Yet German ladies during morning hours are not nearly so much *like ladies*, as our own

cooks, who have scrubbed, and hearth-stoned, and blacklead, and swept, and sent up an elaborate breakfast, and yet are ready at ten o'clock to take orders for dinner in clean cotton gowns, tidy aprons, and trim caps. And again, every one who has visited a German *Badekur* (where no frugal thoughts are allowed to disturb the *hausfräulich* mind) must be familiar with the Noah's-ark-like figures moving about in mushroom hats over frilled headgear and long, shapeless morning-gowns; proving how wedded to this unbecoming costume are the fair wearers. This rooted sin of slovenliness which gives up the greater part of the morning to a slatternly incognita is one of the dearest privileges of the *Hausfrau*; and, far from converting her from the error of her ways, by preaching a propaganda of trim morning-attire, you will only arouse in her mind a contemptuous pity for the puppet existence that would presume to do away with the very insignia of virtuous domesticity. The Nemesis of a neglected toilette cannot overtake her as it is sure to overtake the ordinary active Englishwoman who ventures on the doubtful luxury of "breakfast in bed." She is not liable to antemeridian incursions; the clergyman of the parish does not descend upon her for small and early charities; aunts and cousins do not pop in on their way from shopping; the gentle sluggard is not called upon to take her hat down from the hall peg and go round the garden with a neighbour who wants to see her roses; enthusiastic youths (generally cousins) do not call upon her for unlimited admiration of what their rods have done since daybreak, nor do gushing girls rush in, all health and hoydenism, to get her to "settle with mamma" about to-morrow's boating party or next week's picnic. She is safe from all intruders. The ladies that she knows are not yet "fixed up;" and the mysteries of their toilettes are equally with hers in the *Morgenland* stages.

It is not that one desires a woman "still to be dressed as she were going to a feast." That is precisely what one does not desire; but one wishes to see her clean and unruffled; clad with that scrupulousness and simplicity that are but the outer symbols of the purity and peace within. There is something elevating in contact with a woman of fresh and fragrant presence. A gentle self-respect speaks to us through the care and propriety of her attire; she endears herself to us by this indirect compliment paid to our presence; her sweetness comes to us en-

nobled by a dignity which is but an added charm. It is difficult to be rude, or rough, or coarse in her spotless presence; it is impossible to be unduly loud and familiar with a woman whose dress bears the impress at once of refinement and reserve. "Cleanliness," says St. Paul,* "is next to godliness," and even the ungodliest man is ready to put off his mental shoes and acknowledge he is on holy ground in the presence of a pure and spotless woman. We do not like to think of any lady having to rush away in abject terror if by chance one of her husband's friends should call during the forenoon. Dress is not without its influence on *address*. A woman in her right gown will seldom be in her wrong temper. She will feel at ease, not racked as to the "sit" of her bib and tucker, or exercised as to the angle of her topknot. Not needing to think of herself, she will be better able to think of her guests, and will enter into the conversation of the moment with a gaiety and gusto that will charm her visitors. Should, on the contrary, her gown "gag," her shoes be down at heel, her hair untidy, embarrassment and preoccupation will sit heavy upon her.

The evening-dress of German ladies is far superior to their walking-attire; in the first place it is appropriate, the really beautiful hair of German women being seen to great advantage undisfigured by the *Morgenhaube*, or the often tasteless headgear of the promenader. Again, the sin of dirty white or faded coloured gowns is unknown; crisp muslin and tarlatan, fair fresh faces, and pretty gay-coloured toilettes make a German ball-room a pleasing spectacle; there is, perhaps, very little luxury, but many bright and charming effects, to be observed on such occasions.

The daughters of the *bourgeoisie* have a particular affection for low dresses, and one is struck by the number of bare necks and shoulders that may be seen during an afternoon's walk or drive in the conspicuous summer-houses that border the roadway. But this, again, is only the clinging to an exploded fashion, for the pictures of the period tell us that our own grandmothers and mothers went bare-necked in the days of their youth.

Cosmetics, paints, and washes, auriculous fluids and Tyrian dyes, have not as yet entered into German home life. But amongst the "upper ten" they are

* Where?—LIVING AGE.

as popular in Germany as elsewhere. Personal remarks are not, as with us, considered ill-bred. On the contrary, they are almost *de rigueur*. If you do not admire loudly and openly, you will disappoint your friends; and they will think their effect is not good, and that all their efforts have been in vain. "*Nein! aber wie schön!*" says a friend to you; and whilst you modestly reply, "No, really; but you are yourself charming," the same reciprocities will be passing all around you. No lady hesitates to ask where you got your gown, and how much it cost the ell. A friend of mine once travelled from the Dan of the north to the Beersheba of the south in a grey tweed waterproof costume; and in every railway carriage she entered during the journey she was asked the price of the dress, the name of the material, and whence it came. With the reply, "From England," the unflinching remark, "*Das hab' ich mir schon gleich gedacht,*" showed the appreciative faculty of the gentle questioners; but the price outraged them. To spend such a sum on a *mere* travelling-dress — on a dress that was to keep you warm, and dry, and comfortable; that was light, and water-tight, and almost untearable — seemed to them an altogether unpardonable extravagance.

German women are almost entirely without personal vanity. Their solicitude about their clothes, the time spent in talking toilette, has its pathetic as well as its twaddling side. One may read beneath the talk of tags and rags, of chignons and chiffons, a very real and a very painful humility. What, in our haste, we may take for vanity is just the reverse of it. This very anxiety as to appearance, this wearisome discussion of sumptuary details, betrays a want of self-confidence, of self-reliance, almost of self-respect, that at once grieves and depresses the outsider. They have no confidence in themselves, no belief in being able to please but by virtue of their coverings; their dress must do it, not they; a German girl would expect a man to fall in love with her, if at all, when she had her best gown on; the gown counts for so much more, to her humble mind, than the body and the soul inside it. The very words "*Putz,*" "*geputzt,*" have an eminently displeasing ring of tawdriness about them, suggestive of incongruous frippery and finery.

Dress ceases to be a pleasure when it becomes a source of strife and envyings. This life of the ordinary German woman

is, perhaps, above all others, calculated to develop that faculty for "the infinitely little" which reduces existence to the dead level of Philistinism, and to encourage that mean personal estimate of things which Goethe inveighs against as the *Gemeinheit des Lebens*. In this spirit women, otherwise really amiable and estimable, will tear a toilette to tatters, pry, inspect, cavil, and condemn with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause throughout a whole afternoon.

Men in Germany are rarely seen out of uniform; when they are, it is greatly to their disadvantage. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature that nothing affords a young officer so much delight as to elude the vigilance of his *Vorgesetzten*, and appear at a picnic or on an excursion *en civil*. In Germany, where every one is a soldier first and a man afterwards (very much afterwards), the freedom granted to our plungers and friskers to promenade along Piccadilly or down the shady side of Pall Mall in garments eloquent of Poole is unknown. The most audacious of Moltke's heroes would scarcely dare to pass under the nose of his superior officer in non-military garments. Sooth to say, the travesty is not telling. The young man's legs, which looked straight in uniform, appear stiff now; his waist, which is accustomed to the belted sword, seems wanting in balance and compression; his well-squared shoulders appear clamouring for the epaulettes; his hand gropes for the sword-hilt; he can scarcely be expected to carry an umbrella (that weapon so dear to the heart of the Briton), and his swagger seems inappropriate shorn of sabre and stock. On the whole he has very much the appearance of a *petit épicier endimanché*. The clothes, being only taken out at rare and distant intervals, usually belong to a past fashion, and being worn surreptitiously, with frequent glancings round corners lest generals should be lying in ambush, with three days' *Zimmerarrest* for the youthful irregularity of costume, there is a want of ease and dignity disastrous to the effect of the young man's conquering charms. He was very handsome in his uniform. Why didn't he stay in it?

There was amongst my acquaintances a clever and agreeable person who had attained to the slow dignity of major, and was certainly old enough to have known better, yet upon every suburban or rustic occasion he persisted in getting himself into "civil" clothes. Tradition

asserted that he still wore his confirmation waistcoat. We need not descend to particulars; *ab uno disce omnes*. It was his craze that every woman who gazed upon him thus was fated to love him. "Let them languish," he said superbly, drawing on a pair of grass-green gloves after having wound immeasurable yards of checked cotton round his neck, as one sees in the sporting-prints of the early part of the century; "let them languish." In the garb of his profession he passed muster and did not appear to consider himself specially fatal to the fair sex; fortunately for us, circumstances did not admit of his showing himself very frequently in this bewitching array.

This strictness in the matter of uniform has its pleasant side in so far as the mere outer aspects of society are concerned. It makes the streets and parks gay, it renders the most ordinary ball-room almost dazzling, and gives an air of state and ceremony to the simplest festivities. The colour and the variety charm the eyes, and relieve the dreary monotony that inevitably results from a dismal congregation of black-cloth wearers.

Official etiquette demands that men who are not "military" shall put themselves into evening clothes when they pay a visit of ceremony to a "personage." A deputation going up in the obligatory swallow-tail technically termed a *Frack*, at the hour of noontide, in white kid gloves, white ties, and black indispensabilities makes a ghastly appearance. Yet how much more decent and how far less disastrous even this than the "dress" (so-called) of English dowagers on "drawing-room" days!

The German gentleman indulges, like his womankind, in the morning gaberline, and appears wrapped in its voluminous folds, with dreadful worsted-worked slippers on his feet, until business or pleasure shall call him from the bosom of his family. But as a man is more simply dressed than a woman, and cannot wear a night-cap, one may, if liberally disposed, take it for granted that he is only incomplete as to his outer garments, and try to accept the *Schlafrock* as a lounging-coat; indeed, the *Foppe* which young Germany affects for morning wear corresponds to the shooting-coat of home life.

Austrian gentlemen are, as a rule, irreproachable in their "get-up," which will at first suggest to you that they are Englishmen of the best type. Their gar-

ments are confessedly cut rather after the British than the Gallic model, and their behaviour, like their apparel, "is not too strait or point-device," as Lord Bacon says, "but free for exercise or motion." To be mistaken for an Englishman used to be (perhaps is so still) rather a compliment than otherwise in Austrian ears; the Viennese "swell" inclined to *afficher* his Anglomania, and was flattered by his successes in that line. There was a time—not so very distant—when the same amiable weakness prevailed in the north. Not in matters of dress alone were English ladies and gentlemen copied and commended. Even the poor, old despised British Constitution used to be held up to the admiration of Germany, but, alas! *ces beaux jours sont passés*; no more red rags were wanted; we must hide our diminished heads and "go delicately," if we would avoid attracting notice or giving offence.

Of amusements in Germany it may be said that the name is legion; but as the division of the sexes, in both public and private diversions, is almost as strict as in a ritualistic church, it might appear to the superficial observer that the young ladies and gentlemen must amuse themselves, as the old chronicler says, *moult tristement*.

That this is not so I have been assured most strenuously by many of my German friends, who loudly declared that a *Kaffee*, for instance, with men in it would be an *affaire manquée* altogether. To these Eleusinian mysteries we will, after having first seen what entertainment outdoor life offers to the modest saunterer, presently return. No matter how humble the household, the domestic pocket seems always able to produce sufficient coin for the cakes and ale, the beer and skittles of the moment. We have seen that there is nothing in a German home (the flat being flattest) to particularly engage the loving care of its inmates. If you have swept, you need not be guilty of the futile folly of garnishing your house also. You have no garden to cultivate, no greenhouse to potter round, no croquet-lawn to coddle, no window-flowers to encourage, no patent mower or beneficent hose to experimentalize with; the names of the commonest plants are unknown to German ladies, to whom talk of lobelias and petunias, calceolarias and verbenas, would be but babbling.

As a rule the coffee-gardens of Germany are open to all comers. The ac-

commodation is of the roughest — a few sandy walks, a group of trees, some straggling bushes, a plot of ragged grass, countless little round tables, benches, and chairs, a *Kegelbahn*, a *Bierhaus*, and a band. The music supplied is generally bearable, sometimes excellent, and not unfrequently *sans reproche*. Between the pauses of the band you hear the rolling of the ball and the fall of skittles; waiters rush wildly to and fro in answer to shouts of "*Kellner!*" or impatient strikings of spoons and knives on cups and glasses. Coffee, chocolate, *sauere Milch*, beer, bread, cheese, and effervescing drinks are generally to be had for a few modest pence. To such coffee-gardens German families flock during the summer afternoons. The *Honoratioren* do not despise their simple attractions. The Adonises of the garrison come up and pay their stiff military respects to the general's daughters; the honest citizen sits in the sun and smiles satisfaction on the social scene. The charming young *Fräuleins*, both of the *bourgeoisie* and "society" titter amongst themselves as, huddled up together like a covey of doves, they talk of their admirers and admire each other's clothes, whilst the elder women "tatt," "crotchet," or knit in placid enjoyment of the hour. The *Herr Papa* puffs his cigar, drinks his *Baierischen Bier*, his *Bock*, or his *Mumme*, and is ready to engage in harmless converse with any one willing to talk and let talk. If now and again a young man ventures amongst the ladies, he is received by the unmarried of the party with a fluttering timidity and a modest downcasting of the eyes (sufficiently flattering to the young man's vanity) that makes the brief dialogue about as troublesome, insipid, and discouraging as can well be imagined; but let the enterprising youth beat his retreat, the tongue-tied damsels break forth into the most unvarnished personalities, allusions, *Neckereien*, with becks and nods and expressive glances that contrast singularly with their previously assumed demure demeanour.

It is no mean advantage that one enjoys in being able to hear, absolutely free of expense, any afternoon during the summer months, an irreproachable stringed or military band discoursing sweet music. Who that has sat, for instance, on the Brühl'sche Terrasse under the starlit heavens, and seen the moon shining on the rippling Elbe, and watched the fourfold reflected lights of

the double bridges, throwing snaky tongues of flame into the rapid river, above which rise in ghost-like procession the distant shrouded mountains, and marked the gay groups passing to and fro to that admirable band of stringed instruments, but retains a grateful remembrance of the place and the hour? The large beauty of the scene, the mystic influence of firmament, mountain, and flood; the human interest nearer at hand; the historic memories; the dry warm night, all bring enjoyments that seem harmonized by the strains that rise and fall, make the heart ache with yearning memories, or soothe the soul with sweet unpersonal wonder and content. All around people are moving to and fro; beautiful Polish women clad in deep mourning for the woes of their crushed country; artists of all nations come to study the treasures and wonders of the galleries; languid Englishmen who seem prepared to suffer all things; young couples on their wedding-tours; belted warriors whose spurs ring on the pavement, and whose hands are constant in salute; Frenchwomen chattering gaily, and discussing perhaps the old vexed question *si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*; German belles, somewhat overdressed, but adding by that means local colour to the scene; Jews from Posen and Leipzig; students with plaids over their shoulders, professors, statesmen; all drawn abroad by the lovely night, by the soft, wavering music, by the moving, living human stream that passes to and fro. You are not greedy of speech in that hour; silence suits you best. Let Beethoven, and Strauss, and Schubert speak; as for you, you will hold your peace and be thankful.

Quite different is the impression created by the *Volksgarten* or the *Neue Welt* at Vienna. There nature has no part. The booth and the orchestra are but elegant cockneyism; the flaring gaslights, the overdressed women, many of them evidently *lionnes* of an advanced type, the ostentatious promenading to and fro of celebrities *dans tous les genres*, may amuse, but it can do nothing more for you. There is a flare of folly and a flavour of vice in the atmosphere that takes the sweetness out of the scene. You will not care to be silent here, or to go home softly under the shining stars, fearful least a jarring or unsympathetic word brush something, you know not what, of sacred from your soul. Such places are like the Vauxhall of our fathers, or the Cremorne of

later days. But they are exceptional in Germany, where for the most part a blameless sobriety of demeanour makes the public gardens of the towns the customary resort of families, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, meeting there in friendly intercourse.

This inborn love of music it is that draws Germans together and fills their theatres, their concert-rooms, their public gardens. Every German man and woman is born with a musical instinct; in many it grows to be a passion; in the poorest German villages you will be certain to find an admirable quartette; the schoolmaster, the miller, the sexton, and the shoemaker will meet and play their Bach or Mendelssohn, Spohr or Haydn, with all the diligence and love of conscientious musicians. Boys and girls sing the touching melodies of the mountains and the woods, the wild, plaintive *Volkslieder* and *Weisen*, with marvellous precision. One hears the goatherd on the mountains, the *Jäger* and the *Sennerinn*, all carolling at their work, and *Jodel* answering *Jodel* from height to height. Pious pilgrims passing across the lakes from shrine to shrine lift up their voices in song, and borne across the waters in the midst of a vast and solemn nature, such simple strains fall like gentle messages from another world upon the heart. The soldier sings as he keels the regimental pot, and pipe-clays his belt and breeches; the laundress sings amongst suds; the smith chants a jolly stave in praise of the hammer and anvil. In the dusk of the evening Chateaubriand speaks, in his "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*," of seeing young workgirls, basket on arm, young workmen carrying the tools of their trades, passing into a hall. A noted page is given to them, and with one consent several hundred voices join in marvellous precision, sending up a grand chorus to the rafters. Each one takes up his belongings and goes his sober way, leaving the clear-sighted old diplomat to remark that the French *sont bien loin de ce sentiment de l'harmonie, moyen puissant de civilisation, qui a introduit dans la chaumière des paysans de l'Allemagne une éducation qui manque à nos hommes rustiques. Partout où il y a un piano, il n'y a plus de grossièreté.* (Berlin, 1816.)

He is probably not mistaken. A German may be rough and rude; he may be a bear (as John may be a bull); but in him the elements of the "tiger and the ape" are entirely absent. The wildest

German democrat will never lose a certain reverence for humanity; and no German woman could by any possibility develop into the hideous *tricotée* of the Reign of Terror, or that yet more ghastly product the *pétroleuse* of the Commune. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind. The bands of young journey-men artisans you meet in the summer twilight are singing; the girl stands at the door, and "*Mein Lieb' ist auf der Wanderschaft*" floats from her lips; gangs of little children in the warm May night, coming through the town gates out of the meadows beyond, with boxes full of cockchafers, chant in their shrill childish trebles, "*Maikäfer, flieg*;" those students are about to give a favourite professor a *Ständchen*; that band of wandering minstrels are miners, as by the insignia embroidered on their coat-sleeves you may see, going to some great fair or *Messe* in the neighbouring state.

Amongst the amusements of German life that bore the so-called "musical party" is unknown. People who love music come together; they play their trios or quartettes; sing their duos and solos, madrigals and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention; try it one way and another, enjoy it, and pass on to fresh enjoyments. There is no yawning audience bored to death in the background, longing to talk; guilty, perhaps, of that indiscretion, to the fury or despair of the performer, and the mute misery of the hostess. There is "no showing off" and forced acclamations, no grimace, and no vanity in the German evening. These lovers of music meet together with the reverence and simplicity of primitive Christians reading the legacies of the evangelists; and having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing. Of the absurdity of gathering a crowd of unmusical people together, calling it a "musical party," and paying a professional person to bore the assembly, the sincere German mind is, happily, incapable.

After these open-air concerts you have the theatre. With us the flare of the footlights always smacks somewhat of dissipation. To have been often to the theatre seems to savour of frivolity, perhaps even of extravagance. They manage these things better in Germany, where theatre-going enters as much into the daily existence of men and women as the meals they eat and the clothes

they wear. The drama is regarded seriously; the stage is not looked upon merely as a source of amusement; it is treated as a potent means of education, moral as well as intellectual. Princes of the smaller states are princely in their support of the drama: the ministry for public instruction votes its yearly sum, and the grand duke adds his munificent contribution; as Goethe says, German culture owes more to the liberality and generous encouragement of the little, despised, so-called "tin-pot" state governments than she is ever likely to owe to the more distant imperial sympathies of a united fatherland. Had Dresden, Weimar, Hanover, Stuttgart, and Brunswick been only provincial towns, surely the results would have been far different from what they are.

According to the terms of your *abonnement* you will be able to go more or less frequently to the theatre. Generally a lady will arrange to have her *fauteuil* on the same night with, and in the immediate vicinity of, friends. Men are not allowed in the dress circle, nor women in the stalls, which are devoted to the ubiquitous military. Officers obtain their *abonnement* under specially favourable conditions, and are free to come and go without worry from box-keepers or seat-guardians. It is the correct thing for them to put in an appearance for an hour or so during the evening. If his Royal Highness be there he is better pleased to see the *parterre* of his pleasure-house filled with gay uniforms. Should the play weary or the ballet bore him, he can look down with pride on his gallant little army, and think what fine fellows it is composed of. Next to the royal box is the *Fremdenloge*, generally occupied by distinguished strangers passing through the town. The names and titles of its occupants will be duly chronicled in to-morrow's *Anzeige*. You are at liberty to sell your ticket of *abonnement* should other engagements prevent your availing yourself of it. The agent will charge you a small commission for conducting the transaction. A lady goes to the theatre with her maid or a friend, and without any impropriety returns after the same simple fashion. The performances will begin at 6.30 or 7 at latest, and she will be at home again by 9 or sooner. In the theatre, as in the coffee-garden, strict division of the sexes. In larger towns, where the passing through of many travellers makes the local laws less stringent, it is not unusual to see men and women sitting together, but they are al-

most invariably strangers and pilgrims. Birds of passage enjoy a freedom in such particulars that the *Einheimischen* cannot boast; and it is all these easy privileges, these rational, inexpensive, and early amusements, that make a residence in Germany so charming to English people whose intelligence is perhaps in advance of their means; who are ready to forego the parade of life, if they may only taste some of its reasonable pleasures; to whom menservants and maidservants and rent and taxes at home are ruinous items; and who are willing to take out in culture what they sacrifice in comfort.

I wish that space allowed me to speak more at length of German actors and actresses. Of the former many are men of deep and sound knowledge, who love their profession, honour and are an honour to it. Actresses are not unfrequently women of recognized character and worth. It is no uncommon thing for a favourite actress to remain twenty, thirty, or forty years faithful to one stage. "Our Frau Müller," "our good Müllerinn," and similar terms of affectionate proprietorship sound pleasant in our ears when applied to these faithful, patient friends of the public. It is almost a matter of course, on going into a shop where you are well known the day after any important piece has been played, that the shopkeeper will ask, "Well, what did the *gnädige Frau* think of the Gretchen or the Clärchen of our good Meyer last night?" And "the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue" will soon let you know (without any peñtress or undue familiarity, be it observed) that whosoever else may be ignorant, he knows his Faust, and his Egmont, and his Minna von Barnhelm down to the ground. Actresses of good character are invited to the better-class bourgeois tables, where they are honoured guests; they mix freely with the unmarried daughters of the family, and are as sober in their attire and demeanour as the tamest of the respectabilities they frequent.

After the theatre the ball. The country that invented the waltz understands the ball to perfection. No crushing and crowding into small carpeted rooms, inadequately furnished with waxed dancing-druggets; no trampling and tearing, no buffeting and ricocheting, no sitting on stairs or standing at drawing-room doors with your train on the next landing-place. Firstly, no one gives a ball in Germany unless he have a ball-room to offer his guests. Nevertheless, a vast amount of picnic balls, subscription balls, and of-

ficers' balls are given at very moderate expense, and to the unlimited satisfaction of every one concerned. A picnic ball is managed as follows: Some happy householder has a ball-room, but does not feel justified in going to the expense of a large entertainment. He is asked to lend his room. One or other of the bachelors of society draws out a list of families to be invited; it is sent round, and, if you accept, the stewards forward you in a day or two a ticket, with a list of the things you are to contribute; as, for instance, "two fowls, three pounds of coffee, an *Eistorte*, and a *Sandkeuchen*." These you send in on the appointed day; the host probably contributes the lights, and perhaps the music; or, if the ball be given in an hotel, the landlord supplies lights and service for a moderate amount; the sum is divided amongst the subscribers, and the result is a maximum of pleasure at a minimum of expense.

At all balls, whether court, private, or subscription, the office of conducting the dances is entrusted to a *Vortänzer*. He will generally be chosen from amongst the most accomplished and agreeable of his set; "*ein flotter Kerl*," as the old fellows will call him, with a chuckling admiration, half pride, half envy. He will arrange the sequences of the dances, give the band the signal to commence and that to leave off. He leads the dances, calling out, "Two turns round the room, six couples to follow." By these means perfect order is preserved; ladies do not get overheated; there is no destruction of the "properties," and your dress will be as immaculate at the end of the evening as when you entered the room. The non-dancing guests stand round in an outer circle, looking at the gyrations of the younger folk, and division after division of dancers, the number regulated by the size of the room, follows in turn the lead of the *Vortänzer*, until every one has had the pleasure of flying in unimpeded progress quite as often as is good for him over the polished parquet. The dance over, instantaneous division of the sexes; the young man wheels right about face, clicks his heels together, drops his head so that his bump of self-esteem may be inspected without difficulty, and immediately withdraws. The cotillon, only struggling into popularity here, is the crowning point of the evening's pleasure, and invariably finishes the ball. It is the *Gefühlstanz*. You not only spend a long (and it is presumed agreeable) time with the partner of your choice, but you are sought out for ex-

tra tours, and in your turn have to seek, after a fashion that causes much amusement and many surmises as to the elective affinities of the hemispheres wandering in space.

Picnics are a favourite diversion in Germany. They are not what we understand by the term. The young ladies are in their best bibs and tuckers, the young men feeling fish-out-of-waterish in plain clothes, the old people toiling and panting after the young ones; every one rather affected, rather afraid it will rain, rather sorry their shoes are so tight. A little giggling demure walk through a weedy wood; much genteel giggling, exclamations of terror at rustic horrors, gnats, and a general sense of having your best clothes on, with salad and pancakes in a tumble-down inn garden, form the rural delights of the day. Division of the sexes is apparently not quite so strict as usual, but none of the lambs are allowed to stray; the flock is kept well together, a vigilant old sheepdog or two always on the lookout.

There is no space to describe the sleighing parties, with their hardly-to-be-hinted-at privilege of a kiss from the lady of your choice, and we must pass on to the best-beloved and best-abused of all German amusements, the *Kaffee-Gesellschaft*. Strictest division of the sexes. Mystery, hated of men, adored by women. The *Kaffee* is an afternoon entertainment, generally commencing about four o'clock. Strong coffee, chocolate flavoured with vanilla and beaten up with eggs and cream; every imaginable kind of *Gebäck* (i.e. cakes of a richness to make itself remembered), *Sandtorte*, and finally *Eistorte*, are the luxuries upon which you may regale yourself. Yet still others are provided. It is a perfect orgie of scandal. At every word a reputation dies. A flutter of animation runs through the company as the best-informed lady produces bit by bit her sensational details. Ahs, and ohs, and head-waggings, and shoulder-shruggings relieve the feelings of the fair censors; while they "murder characters to kill time." To sit in circles and slander; to snatch scandal from your servants, and listen to the libels of your *Friseurinn*; to collect calumnies and grasp greedily at mean gossip; to whisper, to insinuate, to malign, to backbite, to bear false witness, and to revel in envies and jealousies and all uncharitableness, seem too often to be the chartered privileges of the votaresses who celebrate these rites. Had men been present, for

very shame the chattering tongues must have spared many a reputation now torn to tatters; but men abominate the very name of a *Kaffee*, and do not hesitate to declare roundly that they consider a *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* an "immoral institution." Many gentle ladies have deplored to me the low, personal tone and the vulgar gossip they have to endure in these (so-called) "*ladies' parties*," and heartily deprecated the institution from which they had not the courage to entirely detach themselves.

Only an elderly lady, a *grande dame de par le monde*, whose age places her beyond scandal, and whose rank elevates her above criticism, can venture to invite men to a *Kaffee-Gesellschaft*. Of such pleasant afternoons I retain a lively remembrance. Our hostess, an ex-Austrian ambassadress, received us with her secretary and *dame de compagnie* in attendance. Pretty young women with their husbands, old devoted friends, gallant generals *en retraite*, diplomats of the snuff-box and gold-button period, a stately dowager or two, a pleasant, comely old maid or so, any young officer or civilian who had claims to distinction, made up our dear old friend's "afternoons." People felt honoured by her invitation; and with all the decent order, and even modest state, of her *entourage* she was so lively, so simple, so utterly herself, that these little gatherings, merry and unrestrained as they were, seemed to recall the time when the true *grand ton* was struck in the tone of simplicity, and to tell us something of the charm, the gentle wit, and the graceful courtesies of a day long since gone by. If only every *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* were like this!

From Good Words.

FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. BRANDON IS MADE THE SUBJECT OF AN HONOURABLE COMPARISON.

JOHN MORTIMER, thanks to a strong frame and an excellent constitution, was soon able to rise. He stood by his little Janie when she was laid in the grave, and felt, when he could think about it, how completely he and his had been spared the natural sorrow they would have

suffered by the overshadowing gloom of greater misfortunes.

There was no mother to make lamentation. It was above all things needful to keep up Johnny's spirits, and not discourage him. He had gone through a harder struggle for his life than his father knew of; but the sight of his pinched features and bright, anxious eyes began only now to produce their natural effect. John always came into his room with a serene countenance, and if he could not command his voice so as to speak steadily and cheerfully, he sat near him, and was silent.

There was little sign of mourning about the place. Never did a beautiful little promising life slip away so unobserved. Anastasia did not even know that her companion was gone. She was still not out of danger, and she wanted a world of watching and comforting and amusing.

They all wanted that. John, as he passed from room to room, strangely grateful for the care and kindness that had come into his house almost unbidden, was sometimes relieved himself in listening to the talk that went on.

Only two of his children were quite unhurt; these were Barbara (and she found quite enough occupation in waiting on her twin-sister) and little Hugh, who sometimes wandered about after his father almost as disconsolate as himself, and sometimes helped to amuse Bertram, showing him pictures, while Miss Christie told him tales. Master Bertram Mortimer, having reached the ripe age of nine years, had come to the conclusion that it was *muffish*—like a *cad*, like a girl—to cry. So when his broken arm and other grievances got beyond his power of endurance, he used to call out instead, while his tender-hearted little brother did the crying for him, stuffing his bright head into the pillows and sobbing as if his heart would break.

On one of these occasions John drew the child away and took him down-stairs. "I am crying about Janie too," he said, creeping into his father's arms to be consoled, and not knowing the comfort this touch of natural sorrow had imparted to an overstrained heart.

The weather was unusually hot for the time of year, the doors and windows stood open, so that John could pass about as he pleased; he judged by the tone of voice in which each one spoke whether things were going well or not. After he had sent little Hugh to bed that

evening he went up-stairs and sat in a staircase window, in full view of Johnny's room. Swan was talking by the boy's bedside, while Johnny seemed well content to listen. Little notice was taken when he appeared, and the discourse went on with quiet gravity, and that air of conviction which Swan always imparted to his words.

"Ay, sir, Mr. Fergus will have it that the cottagers are obstinate because they won't try for the easy things as he wants them to. The common garden-stuff they show has allers been disgraceful, and yet, sometimes they interfere with him and take a prize for flowers. 'That shows they know their own business,' says I; 'it don't follow that because my parrot can talk, my dog's obstinate because he won't learn his letters.' 'Mr. Swan,' says he, 'you're so smothered in illustrations, there's no arguing with you.' Master Johnny, you was to drink your beef tea by this time."

"Not just yet. I hate it. Tell me the rest about Fergus."

"Well," he said, "I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Swan." "No," says I. "No," said he, "but you and I air that high among the competitors that if we didn't try against one another we could allers hev it our own way. Now, if you'll not show your piccatees this time, I'll promise you not to bring forrad so much as one pelagonium."

"The cheat!" exclaimed Johnny. "Why we have none worth mentioning, and the piccatees are splendid, Swanny."

"That's it, sir. He'd like me to keep out of his way, and then, however hard it might be on the other gardeners, he'd have all the county prizes thrown open to the cottagers, that's to say, those he doesn't want himself. He's allers for being generous with what's not his. He said as much to me as that he wished this could be managed. He thought it would be handy for us, and good for the poor likewise. 'That,' I says, 'would be much the same as if a one-legged man should steal a pair of boots, and think to make it a righteous action by giving away the one he didn't want in charity.' As he was so fond of illustrations, I thought I'd give him enough of them. 'Mr. Swan,' says he, rather hot, 'this here is very plain speaking.' 'I paid for my pipe myself,' says I, 'and I shall smoke it which side my mouth I please.' So now you know why we quarrelled, sir. It's the talk of all the country round, and well it may be, for there's nobody fit to

hold a candle to us two, and all the other gardeners know it."

"I'll drink the stuff now," said Johnny, "Father, is that you?"

"Yes, my dearest boy."

"You can't think how well I feel to-night, father. Swanny, go down and have some supper, and mind you come again."

"Ay, to be sure, Mr. Johnny."

"You're not going to sit up to-night, my good old friend," said John, passing into the room.

"Well, no, sir, Mr. Johnny hev cheated the doctor to that extent that he's not to hev anybody by him this night, the nurse is to come in and give him a look pretty frequent, and that's all."

John came and sat by his boy, took his thin hand, and kissed him.

"It's a lark, having old Swanny," said the young invalid, "he's been reading me a review of Mr. Brandon's book. He told Val that Smiles at the post-office had read it, and didn't think much of it, but that it showed Mr. Brandon had a kind heart. 'And so he has,' said Swan, 'and he couldn't hide that if he wished to. Why he's as good as a knife that has pared onions, sir,—everything it touches relishes of 'em.'"

"You had better not repeat that to Mr. Brandon," said John, "he is rather touchy about his book. It has been very unfavourably reviewed."

"But Swan intended a compliment," answered Johnny, "and he loves onions. I often see him at his tea, eating slices of them with the bread and butter. You are better now, dear father, are you not?"

"Yes, my boy. What made you think there was anything specially the matter with me?"

"Oh, I knew you must be dreadfully miserable, for you could hardly take any notice even of me."

A small shrill voice, thin and silvery, was heard across the passage.

"Nancy often talks now," said Johnny; "she spoke several times this morn-ing."

John rose softly and moved towards it.

"And what did the robin say then?" it asked.

Emily's clear voice answered, "The robin said, 'No, my wings are too short; I cannot fly over the sea, but I can stop here and be very happy all the winter, for I've got a warm little scarlet waist-coat.' Then the nightingale said, 'What

does winter mean? I never heard of such a thing. Is it nice to eat?"

"That was very silly of the nightingale," answered the little voice. The father thought it the sweetest and most consoling sound he had ever heard in his life. "But tell the story," it went on peremptorily in spite of its weakness, "and then did the robin tell him about the snow?"

"Oh yes; he said, 'Sometimes such a number of little cold white feathers fall down from the place where the sun and moon live, that they cover up all the nice seeds and berries, so that we can find hardly anything to eat. But,' the robin went on, 'we don't care very much about that. Do you see that large nest, a very great nest indeed, with a red top to it?' 'Yes,' the nightingale said he did. 'A nice little girl lives there,' said the robin. 'Her name is Nancy. Whenever the cold feathers come, she gives us such a number of crumbs.'"

"Father, look at me," said the little creature, catching sight of her father. "Come and look at me, I'm so grand." She turned her small white face on the pillow as he entered, and was all unconscious both how long it was since she had set her eyes on him, and the cause. Emily had been dressing a number of tiny dolls for her, with gauzy wings, and gay robes; they were pinned about the white curtains of her bed. "My little fairies," she said faintly; "tell it, Mrs. Nemily."

"The fairies are come to see if Nancy wants anything," said Emily. "Nancy is the little queen. She is very much better this evening, dear John." John knelt by the child to bring her small face close to his, and blessed her; he had borne the strain of many miserable hours without a tear, but the sound of this tender little voice completely overpowered him.

Emily was the only person about him who was naturally and ardently hopeful, but she scarcely ever left the child. He was devoured by anxiety himself, but he learned during the next two days to bless the elastic spirits of youth, and could move about among his other children pleased to see them smile and sometimes to hear them laugh. They were all getting better; Valentine took care they should not want for amusement, and Crayshaw, who, to do him justice, had not yet heard of little Janie's death, or of Nancy's extremely precarious state, did not fail to write often, and bestow upon

them all the nonsense he could think of. After his short sojourn in Germany, he had been sent back to Harrow, and there finding letters from the Mortimers awaiting him, had answered one of them as follows:—

LINES COMPOSED ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT OF GLADYS WITH BLOB IN HER ARMS.

I gazed, and O with what a burst
Of pride, this heart was striving!
His tongue was out! that touched me first.
My pup! and art thou thriving?

I sniffed one sniff, I wept one weep
(But checked myself, however),
And then I spake, my words went deep,
Those words were, "Well, I never."

Tyrants avaut! henceforth to me
Whose Harrow'd heart beats faster,
The coach shall as the coachman be,
And Butler count as master.

That maiden's nose, that puppy's eyes,
Which I this happy day saw,
They've touched the manliest chords that rise
I' the breast of Gifford Crayshaw.

John Mortimer was pleased when he saw his girls laughing over this effusion, but anxiety still weighed heavily on his soul—he did not live on any hope of his own, rather on Emily's hope and on a kiss.

He perceived how completely but for his father's companionship he had all his life been alone. It would have been out of all nature that such a man falling in love thus unaware should have loved moderately. All the fresh fancies of impassioned tenderness and doubt and fear, all the devotion and fealty that youth wastes often and almost forgets, woke up in his heart to full life at once unworn and unsoiled. The strongest natures go down deepest among the hidden roots of feeling, and into the silent wells of thought.

It had not seemed unnatural heretofore to stand alone, but now he longed for something to lean upon, for a look from Emily's eyes, a touch from her hand.

But she vouchsafed him nothing. She was not so unconscious of the kiss she had bestowed as he had believed she would be; perhaps this was because he had mistaken its meaning and motive. It stood in his eyes as the expression of forgiveness and pity,—he never knew that it was full of regretful renunciation, and the hopelessness of a heart misunderstood.

But now the duties of life began to

press upon him, old grey-headed clerks came about the place with messages, young ones brought letters to be signed. It was a relief to be able to turn, if only for a moment, to these matters, for the strain was great: little Nancy sometimes better, sometimes worse, was still spoken of as in a precarious state.

Every one in the house was delighted, when one morning he found it absolutely necessary to go into the town. Valentine drove him in, and all his children rejoiced, it seemed like an acknowledgment that they were really better.

Johnny ate a large breakfast and called to Swan soon after to bring him up the first ripe bunch of grapes—he had himself propped up to eat them and to look out of the window at the garden.

"What a jolly bunch!" he exclaimed when Swan appeared with it.

"Ay, sir, I only wish Fergus could see it! The marchioness sent yesterday to inquire,—sent the little young ladies. I haven't seen such a turn-out in our lane since last election time. Mr. Smithers said they were a sight to be seen, dressed up so handsome. 'Now then,' says he, 'you see the great need and use of our noble aristocracy. Markis is a credit to it, laying out as he does in the town he is connected with. Yes, they were a sight.' Mr. Smithers was the 'pink' Wigfield draper. 'Ay, ay,' says I, 'who should go fine if not the peahen's daughters?'"

"Everybody seems to have sent to inquire," said Johnny ungraciously. "I hate to hear their wheels. I always think it is the doctor's carriage."

"Old Lady Fairbairn came too," proceeded Swan, "and Miss Justina. The old lady has only that one daughter left single, as I hear; she has got all the others married."

Johnny made a grimace, and pleased himself with remembering how Valentine, in telling him of that call, had irreverently said, "Old Mother Fairbairn ought to be called the Judicious Hooker."

Johnny was sincerely sorry these acquaintances had returned; so was Emily. Had she not given John a positive denial to his suit? Who could be surprised now if he turned to her rival?

It was afternoon when John Mortimer came in. The house was very quiet, and a little flag hung out of Nancy's window, showing that the child was asleep. He therefore approached quietly, entered the library, and feeling very tired and disquieted, sat down among his books. He took one down, and did not know how

long he might have been trying to occupy himself with it, when he heard the rustle of a silk dress, and Dorothea stood in the open window. She looked just a little hurried and shy. "Oh, Mr. Mortimer," she began, "Emily sent her love to you, and —"

"Emily sent her love to me?" he exclaimed almost involuntarily, "sent her love? are you sure?"

Dorothea, thus checked in her message, drew back and blushed—had she made herself very ridiculous? would Emily be displeased? His eyes seemed to entreat her for an answer. She faltered, not without exceeding surprise, at the state of things thus betrayed, and at his indifference to her observation. "I suppose she did. I thought all this family sent love to one another." Thus while she hesitated, and he seemed still to wait for her further recollection, she noticed the strange elation of hope and joy that illumined his face.

"I don't think I could have invented it," she said.

"Ah, well," he answered, "I see you cannot be sure; but let me hear it again, since it possibly might have been said, 'Emily sent her love,' you began —"

"And she is sitting with Nancy, but she wanted you to know as soon as you came in that the doctors have paid another visit together, and they both agreed that Nancy might now be considered quite out of danger."

"Oh, I thank God!" he exclaimed.

Emily had sent her love to him to tell him this. He felt that she might have done, it was not impossible, it reminded him of her kiss. He had been weighed down so heavily, with a burden that he was never unconscious of for a moment, a load of agonized pity for his little darling's pain, and of endless self-reproach; that the first thing he was aware of when it was suddenly lifted off and flung away was, that his thoughts were all abroad. It was much too soon yet to be glad. He was like a ship floated off the rock it had struck on, a rock like to have been its ruin, but yet which had kept it steady. It was drifting now, and not answering to the helm.

He could not speak or stir, he hardly seemed to breathe.

A slight sound, the rustling of Dorothea's gown as she quietly withdrew, recalled him a little to himself, he looked himself in and went back to his place.

He was not in the least able to think, yet tears were raining down on his hands

before he knew that they were his tears, and that, as they fell, his heart long daunted and crushed with pain, beat more freely, and tasted once more the rapture of peace and thankfulness. Presently he was on his knees. Saved this once, the almost despairing soul which had faintly spoken to God, "I do not rebel," was passionate now in the fervour of thankful devotion. The rapture of this respite, this return to common blessings, was almost too ecstatic to be borne.

It was nearly dusk before he could show himself to his children; when he stole up-stairs to look at his little Nancy she was again asleep. "Mrs. Walker had gone back to her own house for the night," the nurse said, "but she had promised to come back after breakfast."

That night Emily slept exquisitely. The luxury of a long peaceful interval, free from anxiety and responsibility, was delightful to her. She came down very late, and after her breakfast sauntered into the drawing-room, looking fresh as a white blush rose, lovely and content; next to the joy of possession stands, to such as she was, the good of doing good, and being necessary to the objects of their love.

A little tired still, she was sitting idly on a sofa, more wistfully sweet and gravely glad than usual, when suddenly John Mortimer appeared, walking quickly through her garden.

"He was sure to come and thank me," she said simply, and half aloud. "I knew he would sooner or later," and she said and thought no more.

But as he advanced, and she saw his face, she remembered her kiss, hoped that he did not, and blushing beautifully rose and came a step or two forward to meet him. "None but good news, I hope," she said.

"No, they are all better, thank God; and my little Nancy also. Emily, how can I ever thank you? My obligation is too deep for words."

"Who could help wishing to be of use under such circumstances? Am I not enough thanked by seeing you all better?"

"I hardly know how I could have presumed to intrude here and disturb you and — and trouble you with such things as I can say — when you are come home for an interval of rest and quiet. Emily, if I had lost her, poor little girl, I never could have lifted up my head again. It was hard on that blameless little life, to be placed in such peril; but I suffered

more than she did. Did you sometimes think so? Did you sometimes feel for me when you were watching her day and night, night and day?"

"Yes, John, I did."

"I hoped so."

"But now that the greatest part of the sorrow is over, fold it up and put it away, lay it at the feet of the Saviour; it is his, for He has felt it too." When she saw his hands, that they had become white and thin, and that he was hollow-eyed, she felt a sharp pang of pity. "It is time now for you to think of yourself," she said.

"No," he answered, with a gesture of distaste. "The less of that the better. I am utterly and forever out of my own good graces. I will not forgive myself, and I cannot forget — have I only one mistake to deplore? I have covered myself with disgrace," he continued, with infinite self-scorn; "even you with your half divine pity cannot excuse me there."

"Cannot I?" she answered with a sweet wistfulness, that was almost tender.

He set his teeth as if in a passion against himself, a flash came from the blue eyes, and his Saxon complexion showed the blood through almost to the roots of the hair. "I have covered myself with disgrace — I am the most unmanly fool that ever breathed — I hate myself!" He started up and paced the room, as if he felt choked, whilst she looked on amazed for the moment, and not yet aware what this meant.

"John!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose you thought I had forgotten to despise myself," he went on in a tone rather less defiant. "When that night I asked you for a kiss — I had not, nothing of the kind — I thought my mind would go, or my breath would leave me before the morning. Surely that would have been so but for you. But if I have lived through this for good ends, one at least has been that I have learned my place in creation — and yours. I have seen more than once since that you have felt vexed with yourself for the form your compassion took then. I deserve that you should think I misunderstood, but I did not. I came to tell you so. It should have been above all things my care not to offend the good angel so necessary in my house during those hours of my misfortune. But I am destined never to be right — never. I let you divine all too easily the secret I should have kept — my love, my passion. It was my own

fault, to betray it was to dismiss you. Well, I have done that also."

Emily drew a long breath, put her hand to her delicate throat, and turning away hastily moved into the window, and gazed out with wide-opened eyes. Her face suffused with a pale tint of carnation was too full of unbelieving joy to be shown to him yet. He had made a mistake, though not precisely the mistake he supposed. He was destined, so long as he lived, never to have it explained. It was a mistake which made all things right again, made the past recede, and appear a dream, and supplied a sweet reason for all the wifely duty, all the long fealty and impassioned love she was to bestow on him ever after.

It was strange, even to her, who was so well accustomed to the unreasoning, exaggerated rhapsody of a lover, to hear him; his rage against himself, his entire hopelessness; and as for her, she knew not how to stop him, or how to help him; she could but listen and wonder.

Nature helped him, however; for a waft of summer wind coming in at that moment, swung the rose-branches that clustered round the window, and flung some of their white petals on her head. Something else stirred, she felt a slight movement behind her, and a little startled, turned involuntarily to look, and to see her cap — the widow's delicate cap — wafted along the carpet by the air, and settling at John Mortimer's feet.

He lifted it up, and she stood mute while she saw him fold it together with a man's awkwardness, but with something of reverence too; then, as if he did not know what else to do with it, he laid it on the table before an opened miniature of Fred Walker.

After a moment's consideration she saw him close this miniature, folding its little doors together.

"That, because I want to ask a favour of you," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, and blushed beautifully.

"You gave me a kiss, let me also bestow one — one parting kiss — and I will go."

He was about to go then, he meant to consider himself dismissed. She could not speak, and he came up to her, she gave him her hand, and he stooped and kissed her.

Something in her eyes, or perhaps the blush on her face, encouraged him to take her for a moment into his arms. He was extremely pale, but when she lifted

her face from his breast a strange gleam of hope and wonder flashed out of his eyes.

She had never looked so lovely in her life, her face suffused with a soft carnation, her lucid grey-blue eyes full of sweet entreaty. Nevertheless, she spoke in a tone of the quietest indifference — a sort of pensive wistfulness habitual with her.

"You can go if you please," she said, "but you had much better not."

"No!" he exclaimed.

"No," she repeated. "Because, John — because I love you."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TRUE GHOST-STORY.

"*Horatio.* — Look, my lord, it comes!"

Hamlet the Dane.

VALENTINE was at Melcombe again. He had begun several improvements about the place which called for time, and would cost money. It was not without misgiving that he had consented to enter on the first of them.

There was still in his mind, as he believed, a reservation. He would give up the property if he ever saw fit cause.

Now, if he began to tie himself by engaging in expensive enterprises, or by undertaking responsibilities, it might be impossible to do this.

Therefore he held off for some little time.

He fell into his first enterprise almost unawares, he got out of his reluctant shrinking from it afterwards by a curious sophistry. "While this estate is virtually mine," he thought, "it is undoubtedly my duty to be a good steward of it. If, in the course of providence, I am shown that I am to give it up, no doubt I shall also be shown how to proceed about these minor matters."

He had learnt from his uncle the doctrine of a particular providence, but had not received with it his uncle's habit of earnest waiting on providence, and straightforward desire to follow wherever he believed it to lead.

Valentine came almost at once under the influence of the vicar, Mr. Craik, the man who had always seen something so more than commonly mysterious about the ways of God to men. Mr. Craik wanted Valentine to restore the old church, by which he meant to pull it almost to pieces, to raise the roof, to clear away the quaint old oaken galleries, to push out a long chancel, and to put in

some painted windows, literally such, pictures of glass, things done at Munich.

When Valentine, always facile, had begun to consider this matter, a drawing of the building, as it was to look when restored, was made, in order to stir up his zeal, and make him long for a parish church that would do him and the vicar credit. He beheld it, and forthwith vowed, with uncivil directness, that he would rather build the vicar a *crack church* to his mind, in the middle of the village, than help in having that dear old place mauled and tampered with.

Mr. Craik no sooner heard this than he began to talk about a site.

He was a good man, had learned to be meek so that when he was after anything desirable he might be able to take a rebuff, and not mind it.

In the pleasant summer evenings, he often came to see Valentine, and while the latter sauntered about with a cigar, he would carve faces on a stick with his knife, walking beside him. He had given up smoking, because he wanted the poor also to give it up, as an expensive luxury, and one that led to drinking. Valentine respected him, was sure the scent of a cigar was still very pleasant to his nostrils, and knew he could well have afforded to smoke himself. That was one reason why he let himself be persuaded in the matter of the site (people never are persuaded by any reason worth mentioning). Another reason was, that Mr. Craik had become a teetotaler, "for you know, old fellow, that gives me such a *pull* in persuading the drunkards;" a third reason was, that there was a bit of land in the middle of the village, just the thing for a site, and worth nothing, covered with stones and thistles. Mr. Craik said he should have such a much better congregation, he felt sure, if the church was not in such an extremely inconvenient out-of-the-way place; that aged saint, who was gone, had often regretted the inconvenience for the people.

Valentine at last gave him the site. Mr. Craik remarked on what a comfort it would have been to the aged saint if she could have known what a good Churchman her heir would prove himself.

But Valentine was not at all what Mr. Craik meant by a good Churchman. Such religious opinions and feelings as had influence over him, had come from the Evangelical school. His old father and uncle had been very religious men, and of that type, almost as a matter of course. In their early day Evangelical

religion had been as the river of God—the one channel in which higher thought and fervent feeling ran.

Valentine had respected their religion, had seen that it was real, that it made them contented, happy, able to face death with something more than hope, able to acquiesce in the wonderful reservations of God with men, the more able on account of them to look on this life as the childhood of the next, and to wait for knowledge patiently. But yet, of all the forms taken by religious feeling, Valentine considered it the most inconvenient; of all the views of Christianity, the most difficult to satisfy.

He told the vicar he did not see why his grandmother was to be called a saint because she had gone through great misfortunes, and because it had pleased her to be *trundled* to church, on all Sundays and saints' days, besides attending to the other ordinances of the church and the sacraments.

When he was mildly admonished that a site seemed to presuppose a church, he assented, and with one great plunge, during which he distinctly felt, both that his position as landlord was not to be defended, and that this good use of the money might make things more secure, he gave a promise to build one—felt a twinge of compunction, and a glow of generosity, but blushed hotly when Mr. Craik observed that the old church, being put in decent repair, and chiefly used for marriages and for the burial service, it might perhaps be a pleasing testimony, a filial act, to dedicate the new one to St. Elizabeth. "Simply in reverend recollection, you know, Melcombe, of that having been—been your grandmother's name."

"No, I shouldn't like it," said Valentine abruptly. Mr. Craik was not sure whether his evident shrinking was due to some Low-Church scruple as to any dedication at all, or whether the name of the sainted Elizabeth had startled him by reminding him of self-renunciation and a self-denial even to the death, of all that in this world we love and long for. This Elizabeth, his grandmother, might have been a saintly old woman in her conversation, her patience, her piety, for anything Valentine knew to the contrary, but he had hold now of all her accounts; he knew from them, and from investigations made among the tenants, that she had held a hard grip of her possessions, had sometimes driven shrewd bargains, and even up to her extreme old age had

often shown herself rather more than a match for some of those about her. Things to be done by others she had seen to with vigilance, things to be done by herself she had shown a masterly power of leaving undone. Her property had considerably increased during her term of possession, though in ordinary charity a good deal had been given away. All was in order, and her heir whom she had never seen, was reaping the fruits of her judgment and her savings; but whether she ought to be called a saint he rather doubted.

He had returned to Melcombe, not without shrewd suspicions that his cousin was soon to be his brother-in-law. A letter following closely on his steps had confirmed them. Some time in September he expected a summons to be present at the wedding; he wished after that to travel for several months, so he allowed Mr. Craik to persuade him that his good intentions ought not to be put off, and he made arrangements for the commencement of the new church at once.

It was to cost about three thousand pounds, a large sum; but the payment was to spread over three or four years, and Valentine, at present, had few other claims. He had, for instance, no poor relations, at least he thought not; but he had scarcely given his word for the building of the church when he received a letter from Mrs. Peter Melcombe — “an ugly name,” thought Valentine. “Mrs. Valentine Melcombe will sound much better. Oh, I suppose the young woman will be Mrs. Melcombe, though.” Mrs. Peter Melcombe let Valentine know that she and Laura had returned to England, and would now gladly accept his invitation, given in the spring, to come and stay a few weeks with him whenever this should be the case.

“I have always considered Laura a sacred trust,” continued the good lady. “My poor dear Peter, having left her to me — my means are by no means large — and I am just now feeling it my duty to consider a certain very kind and very flattering offer. I am not at all sure that a marriage with one whom I could esteem might not help me to bear better the sorrow of my loss in my dear child; but I have decided nothing. Laura has actually only five hundred pounds of her own, and that, I need not say, leaves her as dependent on me as if she was a daughter.”

“Now look here,” exclaimed Valentine, laying the letter down flat on the table, and holding it there with his hand

— “now look here, this is serious. You are going to bring that simpleton Laura to me, and you would like to leave her here, would you? Preposterous! She cannot live with me! Besides, I am such a fool myself, that if I was shut up with her long, I should certainly marry her. Take a little time, Val, and consider.

Wilt thou brave?

Or wilt thou bribe?

Or wilt thou cheat the kelpie?

Let me see. Laura is my own cousin, and the only Melcombe. Now, if Craik had any sense of gratitude — but he hasn't — it seems so natural, ‘I built you a church, you marry my cousin. Do I hear you say you won't? You'd better think twice about that. I'd let you take a large slice of the turnip-field into your back garden. Turnips, I need hardly add, you'd have *ad lib.* (very wholesome vegetables), and you'd have all that capital substantial furniture now lying useless in these attics, and an excellent family mangle out of the message or tenement called the laundry — the wedding breakfast for nothing. I think you give in, Craik?’ Yes; we shake hands — he has tears in his eyes. ‘Now, Laura, what have you got to say?’ ‘*He has sandy hair.*’ ‘Of course he has, the true Saxon colour. Go down on your knees, miss, and thank heaven fasting for a good man's love (Shakespeare).’ ‘*And he has great red hands.*’ ‘Surely they had better be red than green — celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.’ Good gracious! here he is.”

“Ah, Craik! is that you? How goes it?”

One of Mr. Craik's gifts was that he could sigh better than almost anybody; whenever he was going to speak of anything as darkly mysterious, his sigh was enough to convince any but the most hardened. He *etched* a sigh then (that is the right expression) — he etched it up from the very bottom of his heart, and then he began to unfold his grievances to Valentine, how some of his best school-girls had tittered at church, how some of his favourite boys had got drunk, how some of the farmers had not attended morning service for a month, and how two women, regular attendants, had, notwithstanding, quarrelled to that degree that they had come to blows, and one of them had given the other a black eye, and old Becky Maddison is ill, he concluded. “I've been reading to her to-day. I don't know what to think about administering the holy communion to her while she persists in that lie.”

"Do you mean the ghost-story?" asked Valentine.

"Yes."

"It may have been a lie when she first told it; but in her extreme old age she may have utterly forgotten its first invention. It may possibly not be now a conscious lie, or, on the other hand, it may be true that she did see something."

"Your grandmother always considered that it was a lie, and a very cruel lie."

"How so? She accused no one of anything."

"No, but she made people talk. She set about a rumour that the place was haunted, and for some years the family could hardly get a servant to live with them."

"Poor old soul!" thought Valentine. "I suppose it would be wrong to try and bribe her to deny it. I wish she would though."

"I think," said Mr. Craik, an air of relief coming over his face — "I think I shall tell her that I regard it in the light you indicated."

Soon after that he went away. It was evening, the distant hills, when Valentine sauntered forth, were of an intense solid blue, gloomy and pure, behind them lay wedges of cloud edged with gold, all appeared still, unchanging, and there was a warm balmy scent of clover and country crops brooding over the place.

Valentine sauntered on through the peaceful old churchyard, and over the brow of the little hill. What a delightful evening view! A long hollow, with two clear pools (called in those parts *meres*) in it, narrow, and running side by side, the evening star and crescent moon, little more than a gold line, reflected in one of them. The reed warbler was beginning to sing, and little landrails were creeping out of the green sedges, the lilies were closing and letting themselves down. There was something so delightful, so calm, that Valentine felt his heart elevated by it. The peace of nature seems a type of the rest of God. It reminds man of that deep awful leisure in which his Maker dwells, taking thought for, and having, as we express it, time to bless and think upon his creatures.

Valentine watched the gold in the sky, and the primrose-tinted depths beyond. He was thankful for his delightful home; he felt a good impulse in him, urging that he must do his duty in this his day and generation; he seemed to respond to it, hoped the new church would be of use in the neighbourhood, and felt that, even if

it cost him some sacrifice, Laura must be provided for; either he must settle on her something that she could live on, or he must promise her a marriage-portion.

As for himself, he was a good young fellow, better than many, and when he went on to think of himself, he saw, in his vision of his own future, nothing worse than an almost impossibly pretty girl as his bride, one with whom he was to take a specially long and agreeable wedding-tour; and some time after that he supposed himself to see two or three jolly little boys rolling about on the grass, the Melcombes of the future, and with them and their mother he saw himself respected and happy. Sauntering on still, he came past Becky Maddison's cottage, a pleasant abode, thatched, white-washed, and covered with jasmine, but too close to the mere. "I will talk to that poor old soul again, and see if I can make anything of her. I am sure Craik is mistaken about her."

"She fails fast," said the daughter, when accosted by Valentine; and she took him up-stairs to see her mother. He first made himself welcome by giving her a handsome alms, and then inquired about her health.

The daughter had gone down of her own accord. "I'n bin very bad with my *sparms*," meaning spasms, she answered in a plaintive voice. Valentine saw a very great change in her, the last sunset's afterglow fell upon her face, it was sunk and hollow, yet she spoke in clear tones, full of complaint, but not feeble. "And I'n almost done wi' this world."

"Mr. Craik comes to see you, I know; he told me to-day that you were ill."

"Parson were always hard on I."

"Because he doesn't believe the ghost-story."

"Ay, told me so this blessed mornin'; and who be he? wanted I to own 'twas a lie, and take the blessed sacrament, and make a good end. 'Sir,' says I, 'Mr. Martimer believed it, that's Mr. Melcombe now — and so 'e did, sir.'"

"No, I didn't," said Valentine.

"No?" she exclaimed, in a high piping tone.

"No, I say. I thought you had either invented it — made it up, I mean — or else dreamed it. I do not wish to be hard on you, but I want to remind you how you said you had almost done with this world."

"Why did 'e goo away, and never tell I what 'e thought?" she interrupted.

Valentine took no notice, but went on. "And the parson feels uneasy about you, and so do I. I wish you would try to forget what is written down in the book, and try to remember what you really saw; you must have been quite a young girl then. Well, tell me how you got up very early in the morning, almost before it was light, and tell what you saw, however much it was, or however little; and if you are not quite sure on the whole that you saw anything at all, tell that, and you will have a right to hope that you shall be forgiven."

"I'n can't put it in fine words."

"No, and there is no need."

"Would 'e believe it, if I told it as true as I could?"

"Yes, I would."

"I will, then, as I hope to be saved."

"I mean to stand your friend, whatever you say, and I know how hard it is to own a lie."

"Ay, that it be, and God knows I'n told a many."

"Well, I ask you, then, as in the sight of God, is this one of them?"

"No, sir. It ain't."

"What! you did see a ghost?"

"Ay, I did."

Valentine concealed his disappointment as well as he could, and went on.

"You told me the orchard of pear-trees and cherry-trees was all in blossom, as white as snow. Now don't you think, as it was so very early, almost at dawn, that what you saw really might have been a young cherry-tree standing all in white, but that you, being frightened, took it for a ghost?"

"The sperit didn't walk in white," she answered; "I never said it was in white."

"Why, my good woman, you said it was in a shroud!"

"Ay, I told the gentleman when he took it down, the ghost were wrapped up in a cloak, a long cloak, and he said that were a shroud."

"But don't you know what a shroud is?" exclaimed Valentine, a good deal surprised. "What is the dress called hereabout, that a man is buried in?"

"His buryin' gown. 'Tis only a sperit, a ghost, that walks in a shroud. I'n told that oft enough, I *should* know." She spoke in a querulous tone, as one having reasonable cause for complaint.

"Well," said Valentine, after a pause, "if the shroud was not white, what colour was it?"

"Mid have been black for aught I know, 'twere afore sunrise; but it mid

have been a dark blue, and I think 'twas. There were a grete wash up at the house that marnin', and I were coming to help. A sight of cherry-trees grow all about the door, and as I came round the corner there it stood with its hand on the latch, and its eyes very serious."

"What did it look like?"

"It looked like Mr. Cuthbert Martimer, and it stared at I, and then I saw it were Mr. Melcombe."

"Were you near it?"

"Ay, sir."

"Well, what next?"

"I dropped a curtesy."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Valentine turning cold. "What, curtesy to a ghost, a spirit?"

"Ay, I did, and passed on, and that very instant I turned, and it were gone."

Valentine's voice faltered as he asked the next question. "Were you not frightened?"

"No, sir, because I hadn't got in my head yet that 'twere a sperit. When I got in, I said, 'I'n seen him.' 'You fool,' says Mary Carfoil, that was cook then, 'your head,' says she, 'is forever running on the men folks. He's a thousand mile off,' says she, 'in the Indies, and the family heerd on him a week ago.' 'I did see him,' says I. 'Goo along about your business,' says she, 'and light the copper. It were Mr. Cuthbert 'e saw, got up by-times to shoot rooks. Lucky enough,' says she, 'that Mr. Melcombe be away.'"

"Why was it lucky?"

"Because they'd both set their eyes on the same face — they had. It's hard to cry shame on the dead, but they had. And *she's* dead, too. Neither on 'em meant any good to her. They had words about her. She'd have nought to say to Mr. Cuthbert then."

Valentine groaned.

"No, nor she wouldn't after I'n seen the ghost, nor till every soul said he was dead or drowned, and the letter come from London town."

"There must have been others besides you," said Valentine, sharply, "other people passing in and out of the laundry door. Why did no one see him but you — see it but you?"

"It were not the laundry door, sir, 'twere the door in the garden wall, close by the grete pear-tree, as it went in at; madam shut up that door for ever so many years — 'e can't mistake it."

"Ah!"

"That's the place, sir."

"And who was fool enough first to call it a ghost?" cried Valentine almost fiercely. "No, no, I mean," he continued faltering — "I don't know what I mean," and he dropped his face into his hands and groaned. "I always thought it was the yard door."

"No, sir."

"And so when he disappeared, and was no more seen, you thought you had seen his ghost?"

"Ay, sir, we all knowed it then, sure enough; madam seemed to know't from the first. When they had told her I'n seen Mr. Melcombe, she fell in a grete faint, wrung her hands, and went in another faint, and cried out he were dead; but the sperit never walked any more, folks said it came for a token to I. "Her did ought to look for death by-times," said they."

"That's all, is it?"

"Ay, sir, that be all."

"I believe you this time."

"E may, sir, and God bless 'e."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VALENTINE AND LAURA.

"The flower out of reach is dedicate to God."
Tamil Proverb.

SOME one passing Valentine as he walked home in the gloaming, started, and hurried on. "He came up so still-like," she said, afterwards, "that I e'en took him for a sperit, he being a Melcombe, and they having a way of *walk-ing*."

She did not speak without book, for old Madam Melcombe was already said to haunt the churchyard. Not a being in human guise, but as a white, wide-winged bird, perfectly noiseless in its movements, skimming the grass much as owls do, but having a plaintive voice like that of a little child.

Late in the night again, when all the stars were out sparkling in a moonless sky, and the household should long have been asleep, the same fancy or fear re-occurred. Two housemaids woke suddenly, and felt as if there was a moaning somewhere outside. They had been sleeping in the heat with their window open, and they looked out and saw a dark shadow moving in the garden, moving away from the house, and seeming to make as if it wrung its hands. After this, still peering out into the starlight, they lost sight of it; but they fancied that they heard it sigh, and then it stood a dark column in their sight, and seemed to fall upon the

bed of lilies, and there lie till they were afraid to look any longer, and they shut their window and crept again into their beds.

But the lilies? It might have been true that they saw somewhat, but if a spirit had haunted the dark garden that night, surely no trace of its sojourn would have remained on the bed of lilies; yet in the morning many, very many of their fragrant leaves were crushed and broken, as if in truth some houseless or despairing being had crouched there.

The housemaids told their tale next morning, and it was instantly whispered in the house that the ghost had come again. The maids shook with fear as they went about, even in broad daylight. The gardener alone was incredulous, and made game of the matter.

"Hang the ghost!" said he; but then he came from the eastern counties, and had no reverence for the old family "fetch." "Hang the ghost! why shouldn't that shadow have been the brown pony? Ain't he out at grass, and didn't I find the garden-door ajar this morning? He came in, I'll be bound." Then the gardener shouldered his spade, and finding a number of footmarks all over the place, specially about the bed of lilies, and certainly not those of a pony, he carefully obliterated them, and held his peace, shaking his head when alone, and muttering, "They're a queer lot, these Melcombes — who'd have expected this now! If the dead ones don't walk, the live ones do. Restless, that's what it is. Restless, too much to eat, I should say, and too little to do. When the missis comes we shall have more sensible doings, and I wish the missis had never left us, that I do."

Mrs. Peter Melcombe, thus welcomed back again in the gardener's mind, was then driving up to the door of Melcombe House, and Valentine was stepping out to receive her.

It was natural that she should feel agitated, and Valentine accosted her so seriously as to increase her emotion. She had been able to recover her usually equable spirits after the loss of her child, it was only on particular occasions that she now gave way to tears. She was by no means of their number who love to make a parade of grief; on the contrary, emotion was painful to her, and she thankfully avoided it when she could.

She retired with Laura, and after a reasonable time recovered herself, taking care to go at once into the room where

her darling had slept, and where he had played, that she might not again be overcome.

"I have dreaded this inexpressibly," she said, sobbing, to Laura, who was following her with real sympathy.

"Valentine was very odd," answered Laura; "you would, I am sure, have got over your return quite calmly, if he had been less solemn. Surely, Amelia dear, he is altered."

"He was oppressed, no doubt, at sight of me; he felt for me."

Laura said no more, but several times during that first day she made wondering observations. She looked in vain for the light-hearted companionable young fellow with whom she had become intimate in cousinly fashion, and whom she had fully hoped to consult about a certain affair of her own. She saw an air of oppressive bitterness and absence of mind that discouraged her greatly. "There is no mistaking his expression of countenance," she thought; "he must have been disappointed in love."

"Laura," exclaimed Mrs. Melcombe, when the two ladies, having left the dining-room, were alone together in the old grandmother's favourite parlour, now used as a drawing-room — "Laura, what can this mean? Is he dyspeptic? Is he hypochondriacal? I declare, if Mr. Craik had not been invited to meet us, I hardly see how we could have got through the dinner: he is very odd."

"And surely the conversation was odd too," said Laura. "How they did talk about old Becky Maddison and her death this afternoon! How fervently he expressed his gladness that Mr. Craik had seen her to-day, and had administered the sacrament to her! I suppose you observed Valentine's hesitation when you asked if he believed her story?"

"Yes; I felt for the moment as if I had no patience with him, and I asked because I wanted to bring him to reason. He can hardly wish to own before sensible people that he does believe it; and if he does not, he must know that she was an impostor, poor old creature." Then she repeated, "He is very odd," and Laura said —

"But we know but little of him. It may be his way to have fits of melancholy now and then. How handsome he is!"

Amelia admitted this; adding, "And he looks better without that perpetual smile. He had an illness, I think, two years ago; but he certainly appears to

be perfectly well now. It cannot be his health that fails him."

There was the same surprise next morning. Valentine seemed to be making an effort to entertain them, but he frequently lapsed into silence and thought. No jokes, good or bad, were forthcoming. Mrs. Melcombe felt that if she had not received such a warm and pressing invitation to come to visit Melcombe, she must have now supposed herself to be unwelcome. She took out some work, and sat in the room where they had breakfasted, hoping to find an opportunity to converse with him on her own plans and prospects; while Laura, led by her affectionate feelings, put on her hat and sauntered down the garden — to the lily-bed of course, and there she stood some time, thinking of her dear old grandmother. She was not altogether pleased with its appearance, and she stooped to gather out a weed here and there.

Presently Valentine came down the garden. He was lost in thought, and when he saw Laura he started and seemed troubled. "What can you be about, Laura dear?" he said.

He had made up his mind that she had a pecuniary claim on him, and therefore he purposely addressed her with the affection of a relative. He felt that this would make it easier for her to admit this convenient claim.

"What am I about?" answered Laura. "Why, Valentine, I was just picking off some of these leaves, which appear to have been broken. The bed looks almost as if some — some creature had been lying on it."

"Does it?" said Valentine, and he sighed, and stood beside her while she continued her self-imposed task.

"These lilies, you know," she remarked, "have great attractions for us."

"Yes," said Valentine, and sighed again.

"How he shivers!" thought Laura. "You cannot think," she said, rising from her task and looking about her, "how it touches my feelings to come back to the old place."

"You like it then, Laura?"

"Like it! I love it, and everything belonging to it."

"Including me!" exclaimed Valentine, rallying for the moment and laughing.

Laura looked up and laughed too, but without answering. Before there was time for that, she had seen the light of his smile die out, and the gloom settle

down again. A sort of amazement seemed to be growing under his eyelids; his thought, whatever it was, had gradually returned upon him, and he was struck by it with a new surprise.

"Valentine!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered steadily and gravely, and then roused himself to add, "Come out from under the shadow of this wall. The garden is all gloomy here in the morning; it makes me shiver. I want to speak to you," he continued, when they had passed through the door in the wall, and were walking on the lawn before the house.

"And I to you," she replied. "It was kind of you to ask us to come here."

"I suppose Mrs. Melcombe has decided to marry again," he began.

"Yes, but she would like to tell you about that herself."

"All right. I consider, Laura dear, that you have much more claim upon me than upon her."

"Do you, Valentine, do you?"

As they walked down into the orchard, Laura shed a few agitated tears; then she sat down on a grassy bank, and while Valentine, leaning against the trunk of a pear-tree, looked down upon her, she said—

"Then I wish you would help me, Valentine. The devotion that I have inspired, if I could only meet it as it deserves——" And then she went on in a tone of apology, "And it is only help that I want, for I have five hundred pounds of my own, if I could but get at it."

"Where is the devotion?" exclaimed Valentine, suddenly rallying. "Let me only catch hold of that devotion, and I'll soon have it down on its knees, and old Craik's large red hands hovering over it and you, while he matches it as the Church directs to a devotion more than worthy of it, as I will the five hundred pounds with another."

"Ah, but you can't," said Laura, laughing also, "because he's in America; and, besides, you don't know all."

"Oh, he's in America, is he?"

"Yes; at least I suppose he's on the high seas by this time, or he will be very shortly, for he's going up to New York."

"Up to New York! Where does he hang out then when he's at home?"

"At Santo Domingo."

"That at least shows his original mind. Not black, of course? Not descended from the woman who 'suddenly married a Quaker'?"

"Oh no, Valentine—an Englishman."

"An Englishman and live at Santo Domingo! Well, I should as soon have expected him to live in the planetary spaces. It would be much more roomy there, and convenient too, though to be sure a planet coming up might butt at him now and then."

"It is rather a large island," said Laura.

"But, Valentine——"

"Well."

"He speaks Spanish very well. He is comfortably off."

"His speciality, no doubt, is the sugar-cane. Well, I shall consider him very mean if he doesn't let me have my sugar cheap, in return for my kindness."

"You are sure you are going to be kind then."

"Yes, if he is a good fellow."

"He is a good fellow, and I am not worthy of him, for I behaved shamefully to him. He has written me a very gentlemanly letter, and he said, with perfect straightforwardness, that he did at one time believe himself to have quite got over his attachment to me, but—but he had been a good deal alone, had found time to think, and, in short, it had come on again; and he hoped he was now able to offer me not only a very agreeable home, but a husband more worthy of me. That's a mistake, for I behaved ill to him, and he well, and always well, to me. In short, he begged me to come over to New York in September: he is obliged to be there on business himself at that time. He said, taking the chances, and in the hope of my coming, he would name the very line of steamers I ought to come by; and if I could but agree to it, he would meet me and marry me, and take me back with him."

"Somehow, Laura, I seem to gather that you do not consider him quite your equal."

"No, I suppose, as I am a Melcombe——"

"A Melcombe!" repeated Valentine with bitter scorn. "A Melcombe!" Laura felt the colour rush over her face with astonishment. She knew rather than saw that the little glimpse she had had of his own self was gone again; but before she could decide how to go on, he said, with impatience and irritation, "I beg your pardon; you were going to say——"

"That he is in a fairly good position now," she proceeded, quoting her lover's language; "and he has hopes that the head of the firm, who is a foreigner, will take him into partnership soon. Besides,

as his future home is in America (and mine, if I marry him), what signifies his descent?"

"No," murmured Valentine with a sigh. "The gardener Adam and his wife" (Tennyson)."

"And," proceeded Laura, "nothing can be more perfectly irreproachable than his people are — more excellent, honest, and respectable."

"Whew!" cried Valentine with a bitter laugh, "that is a good deal to say of any family. Well, Laura, if you're sure they won't mind demeaning themselves by an alliance with us —"

"Nonsense, Valentine; I wish you would not be so odd," interrupted Laura.

"I have nothing to say against it."

"Thank you, dear Valentine; and nobody else has a right to say anything, for you are the head of the family. It was very odd that you should have pitched upon that particular line to quote."

"Humph! And as I have something of my own, more than three thousand pounds in fact —"

"And Melcombe," exclaimed Laura.

"Ah, yes, I forgot. But I was going to say that you, being the only other Melcombe, you know, and you and I liking one another, I wish to act a brotherly part by you; and therefore, when you have bought yourself a handsome *trousseau* and a piano, and everything a lady ought to have, and your passage is paid for, I wish to make up whatever is left of your five hundred pounds to a thousand, that you may not go almost portionless to your husband."

"I am sure, dear Valentine, he does not expect anything of the sort," exclaimed Laura faintly, but with such a glow of pleasure in her face as cheated Valentine for the moment into gladness and cordiality.

"Depend upon it, he will be pleased notwithstanding to find you even a better bargain than he expected." Laura took Valentine's hand when he said this, and laid it against her cheek. "What's his name, Laura?"

"His name is Swan."

Thereupon the whole story came out, told from Laura's point of view, but with moderate fairness.

Valentine was surprised; but when he had seen the letters and discovered that the usually vacillating Laura had quite made up her mind to sail to New York, he determined that his help and sanction should enable her to do so in the most desirable and respectable fashion. Be-

sides, how convenient for him, and how speedy a release from all responsibility about her! Of course he remembered this, and when Laura heard him call her lover "Don Josef," she thought it a delightful and romantic name.

But Mrs. Peter Melcombe was angry when Laura told her that Joseph had written again, and that Valentine knew all and meant to help her. She burst into tears. "Considering all I have suffered," she said, "in consequence of that young man's behaviour, I wonder you have not more feeling than to have anything to say to him. Humanly speaking, he is the cause of all my misfortunes; but for him, I might have been mistress of Melcombe still, and my poor darling, my only delight, might have been well and happy."

Laura made no reply, but she repeated the conversation afterwards to Valentine, with hesitating compunction, and a humble hope that he would put a more favourable construction on her conduct than Amelia had done.

"Humanly speaking," repeated Valentine with bitterness. "I suppose, then, she wishes to insinuate that God ordained the child's death, and she had nothing to do with it?"

"She behaved with beautiful submission," urged Laura.

"I dare say! but the child had been given over to her absolute control, and she actually had a warning sent to her, so that she knew that it was running a risk to take him into heat, and hurry, and to unwholesome food. She chose to run the risk. She is a foolish, heartless woman. If she says anything to me I shall tell her that I think so."

"I feel all the more bitter about it," he muttered to himself, "because I have done the same thing."

But Mrs. Melcombe said nothing, she contented herself with having made Laura uncomfortable by her tears, and as the days and weeks of her visit at Melcombe went on she naturally cared less about the matter, for she had her own approaching marriage to think of, and on the whole it was not unpleasant to her to be forever set free from any duty toward her sister-in-law.

Valentine, though he often amazed Laura by his fits of melancholy, never forgot to be kind and considerate to her; he had long patience with her little affectations, and the elaborate excuses she made about all sorts of unimportant matters. She found herself, for the first

time in her life, with a man of whom she could exact attendance, and whom she could keep generally occupied with her affairs. She took delighted advantage of this state of things, inasmuch that before she was finally escorted to Liverpool and seen off, people in the neighbourhood, remarking on his being constantly with her, and observing his only too evident depression, thought he must have formed an attachment to her; it was universally reported that young Mr. Melcombe was breaking his heart for that silly Laura; and when, on his return, he seemed no longer to care for society, the thing was considered to be proved.

It was the last week in October when he reached Wigfield, to be present at his sister's wedding. All the woods were in brown and gold, and the still dry October summer was not yet over. John's children were all well again, and little Anastasia came to meet him in the garden, using a small crutch, of which she was extremely proud, "It was such a pretty one, and bound with pink leather!" Her face was still pinched and pale, but the nurse who followed her about gave a very good account of her, it was confidently expected that in two or three months she would walk as well as ever. "A thing to be greatly wished," said the nurse, "for Mr. Mortimer makes himself quite a slave to her, and Mrs. Walker spoils her."

Valentine found all his family either excited or fully occupied, and yet he was soon aware that a certain indefinable change in himself was only the more conspicuous for his fitful attempts to conceal it.

As to whether he was ill, whether unhappy, or whether displeased, they could not agree among themselves, only, as by one consent, they forebore to question him; but while he vainly tried to be his old self, they vainly tried to treat him in the old fashion.

He thought his brother seemed, with almost studied care, to avoid all reference to Melcombe. There was, indeed, little that they could talk about. One would not mention his estate, the other his wife, and as for his book, this having been a great failure, and an expensive one, was also a sore subject. Almost all they said when alone concerned the coming marriage, which pleased them both, and a yachting tour.

"I thought you had settled into a domestic character, St. George?" said Valentine.

"So did I, but Tom Graham, Dorothea's brother, is not going on well, he is tired of a sea life, and has left his uncle, as he says, for a while. So as the old man longs for Dorothea, I have agreed to take her and the child, and go for a tour of a few months with him to the Mediterranean. It is no risk for the little chap, as his nurse, Mrs. Brand, feels more at home at sea than on shore.

On the morning of the wedding Valentine sauntered down from his sister's house to John Mortimer's garden. Emily had Dorothea with her, and Giles was to give her away. She was agitated, and she made him feel more so than usual; a wedding at which Brandon and Dorothea were to be present would at any time have made him feel in a somewhat ridiculous position, but just then he was roused by the thought of it from those ideas and speculations in the presence of which he ever dwelt, so that, on the whole, though it excited it refreshed him.

He was generally most at ease among the children; he saw some of them, and Swan holding forth to them in his most pragmatist style. Swan was dressed in his best suit, but he had a spade in his hand. Valentine joined them, and threw himself on a seat close by. He meant to take the first opportunity he could find for having a talk with Swan, but while he waited he lost himself again, and appeared to see what went on as if it was a shifting dream that meant nothing; his eyes were upon the children, and his ears received expostulation and entreaty: at last his name roused him.

"And what Mr. Melcombe will think on you it's clean past my wits to find out. Dressed up so beautiful, all in your velvets and things, and buckles in your shoes, and going to see your pa married, and won't be satisfied unless I'll dig out this here nasty speckled beast of a snake."

"But you're so unfair," exclaimed Bertram. "We told you if you'd let us conjure it, there would be no snake."

"What's it all about?" said Valentine, rousing himself and remarking some little forked sticks held by the boys.

"Why, it's an adder down that hole," cried one.

"And it's a charm we've got for conjuring him," quoth the other. "And we only want Swanny to dig, and then if the charm is only a sham charm, the adder will come out."

"I should have thought he was a sight better wheer he is," said Swan. "But

you've been so masterful and obstinate, Master Bertie, since you broke your arm!"

"It's not at all kind of you to disappoint us on father's wedding-day."

"Well, Mr. Melcombe shall judge. If he says, 'Charm it,' charm it you shall; for he knows children's feelings as well as grown folks's. There never was anybody that was so like everybody else."

"It's conjuring, I tell you, cousin Val. Did you never see a conjurer pull out yards and yards of shavings from his mouth, and then roll them up till they were as small as a pea, and swallow them? This is conjuring too. We say, 'Underneath this hazelin mote;' that's the forked stick, you know; and while we say it the adder is obliged to roll himself up tighter and tighter, just like those shavings, till he is quite gone."

"I can't swallow that!" exclaimed Valentine. "Well, off then."

"But I won't have the stick poked down his hole!" cried Swan, while Hugh shouted down his defiance—

"Underneath this hazelin mote
There's a braggerty worm with a speckled throat,

Now!
Nine double hath he.

That means he's got nine rings."

"Well, I shall allers say I am surprised at such nonsense. What do you think he cares for it all?"

"Why, we told you it would make him twist himself up to nothing. Go on, Hughie. It's very useful to be able to get rid of snakes."

"Now from nine double to eight double,
And from eight double to seven double,
And from seven double to six double,
And from six double to five double,
And from five double to four double,
And from four double to three double.

(He's getting very tight now!)

And from three double to two double,
And from two double to one double,

Now!
No double hath he.

There, now he's gone, doubled up to nothing. Now dig, Swanny, and you'll see he's gone."

"It's only an old Cornish charm," said Valentine. "I often heard it when I was a boy."

"I call it heathenish!" exclaimed Mr. Swan. "What do folks want with a charm when they've got a spade to chop the beast's head off with?"

"But as he's gone, Swan," observed Valentine, "of course you cannot dig him out; so you need not trouble yourself to dig at all."

"Oh, but that's not fair. We want, in case he's there, to see him."

"No, no," said Swan dogmatically; "I never heard of such a thing as having the same chance twice over. I said if you'd sit on that bench, all on you, I'd dig him out, if he was there. You wouldn't; you thought you'd a charm worth two of that work, and so you've said your charm."

"Well, we'll come and sit upon the bench to-morrow, then, and you'll dig him."

"That'll be as I please. I've no call to make any promises," said Swan, looking wise.

The only observer felt a deep conviction that the children would never see that snake, and slight and ridiculous as the incident was, Swan's last speech sunk deeply into Valentine's heart, and served to increase his dejection. "And yet," he repeated to himself, "I fully hope, when I've given up all, that I shall have my chance—the same chance over again. I hope, please God, to prove that very soon; for now Laura's gone, I'm bound to Melcombe no longer than it takes me to pack up my clothes and the few things I brought with me."

From The Academy.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO CELEBRATION.

ON Monday, July 5, a meeting of the committee for promoting the celebration of the festival in commemoration of the birth of Michael Angelo, was held in the Municipal Palace of Florence, the syndic Ubaldino Peruzzi in the chair. The sub-committee presented a project for the illumination of the New Piazza of Michael Angelo, where the popular festival is to be held. Three projects by Messrs. Catani, Bonaiuti, and Tosi were examined, and it was resolved to illuminate the piazza, and to place lights in the approaches.

The syndic made a statement of the aid given by foreign governments and private contributors of memorials of Michael Angelo in various forms. The Belgian government has courteously announced its intention to forward a new cast of the Madonna of Bruges, a celebrated work by Michael Angelo.

Among foreigners there is a general expression of regret that the month of September should have been chosen for the celebration. Unless they proceed to Florence at that time expressly, no foreigners will be present, and September is not a month in which they are disposed to visit that city.

The festival in all probability will be a mere local affair. Various reasons have been given for its celebration in September, but they are all of a local nature and do not affect the foreigner.

For some time past the well-known fountain of Neptune by Ammanati, at the corner of the Municipal Palace of Florence, and standing nearly on the spot where Savonarola was burnt, has been covered up with a wooden erection. It was said that it was to be repaired, and under this belief the Florentines abstained from their usual witticisms on municipal proceedings.

The fountain consists of an octagonal basin rising about three feet six above the pavement, very handsomely moulded, and made of a rich purple and white veined marble. On four of the eight sides are nereids and sea-gods with attendant fauns and tritons, very cleverly sculptured in bronze, although in somewhat extravagant attitudes, but with their shells, dolphins, and other decorations they have a sumptuous effect. How the fauns are mixed up with water-sprites is beyond explanation.

In the centre stands the *Biancone*, as the Florentines irreverently call the colossal Neptune of Ammanati, a statue eighteen feet high, but a by no means fine work of art. Three tritons blowing through shells group round his limbs. The whole group stands on a car, consisting first of a huge shell of purple marble, beneath which is a plinth decorated with strange fishes and fish-heads, in high relief, of pure white marble. Under this is the body of the car, or rather pedestal on wheels, again of rich purple marble, the whole being drawn by four sea-horses, or if there be such

things, four sea-ponies, for in comparison with Neptune they are "shelties." They are in reality, however, as big as real horses, yet far too small for the god.

The fountain was so incrustured with deposits from the water, and with slime and green impurities, that Ammanati's design fared badly.

Now it is seen as he made it; Neptune is whiter than ever and his tritons are pure as the sea-foam. The great car is alternately purple and white, and if ugly it must be forever in design, it is beautiful in material. His two central shelties are white as breaking waves, and the other two on each side of a dark purple, such as the sea sometimes is when heavy clouds press down on it. These prancing coursers drag their heavy car and still heavier sea-god through a miniature ocean of green water bounded by the purple marble shore with its nereids and tritons of bronze. Water has been copiously replaced, and the three tritons which strengthen the legs of Neptune blow streams from their shells, and a jet from the car proclaims its watery nature, whilst the fish-heads puff streams into the green ocean below.

The exquisite *Capella della Spina* on the Arno at Pisa, the "destruction" of which Mr. Ruskin announced in *Fors Clavigera*, is in reality being restored. It was in danger of falling into the river, as the bridge near it actually did. This bridge has been replaced by a fine structure imitative of the *Ponte alla Trinità*, Florence, and is light and elegant. The lovely chapel is in progress of restoration. It is the most precious example of Italian Gothic existing, and rich with the reminiscences of the Pisani. So far as it goes the restoration appears to be very satisfactory.

The south side of the leaning tower of Pisa is also admirably restored. The sea air so fatal to the frescoes of the *Campo Santo* eats into the marble. Every injured shaft has been admirably replaced, as well as capitals, bases, and entablatures.

A PUBLIC library has recently been established at Yedo for the use of both natives and foreigners. It is open all the year round, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., except on national and general holidays. Readers are allowed to make excerpts, but are not allowed to borrow books

from the premises without the special permission of the minister of education. The regulations are ten in number, and are almost identical with those which are in force in similar institutions in European countries.

Athenæum.